

Lincoln p. 430

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

No. CCXLIX.

M A Y, 1865.

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VOLUME LXXVIII.

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“ Porro si sapientia Deus est, verus philosophus est amator Dei ” — St. AUGUSTINE.

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CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

MAY, 1865.

ART. I.—THE MORBID AND THE HEALTHY VIEW OF
LIFE.

1. *Literary and Historical Miscellanies.* By GEORGE BANCROFT.
Essay: *Ennui.* 1 vol. 8vo. New York. 1855.
2. *Du Suicide Statistique, Médecine, Histoire, et Législation,* par E.
LISLE. 1 vol. in 8 de 488 pages. Paris. 1856.

MR. BANCROFT is most honorably known throughout the limits of the English language, and beyond them, by his thoughtful and brilliant "History of the United States;" a work of liberal politics and learning, critical power, condensed thought, and picturesque charm. In the eloquent essay indicated above, he displays his usual acuteness and vigor, with his generous disposition to an optimistic philosophy; a wise inclination to draw the diagram of history in lines of light, and to interpret the dubious phenomena of humanity by a reference to the irresistible laws of the world,—laws whose co-ordinated sum represents, if it does not constitute, the providence of God. The great works of genius are fruits of a triumphant spontaneity: a stamp of inferiority is on all the products of depression. Yet even the weaknesses and follies of man have compensations; and a large part of the enterprises and creations of human energy have resulted from the endeavors of men to find escapes or reliefs from the insufferable irksomeness of ennui. The whole argument is a piece of true insight not less edifying than original and piquant.

The other work whose title we have set at the head of our article is an extremely interesting and thorough treatment of the question with which it deals. It handles every portion of the subject with a happy combination of learning, intelligent breadth of attention, patience, and sympathetic liberality. It betrays no trace of the old bigotry that pursued the unhappy suicide, even after death, driving a stake through his body at the crossing of a highway, and making his soul over to a hopeless doom. Medical, legal, ethical, historical students equally, will here find materials to attract their curiosity and to answer their respective inquiries. The extraordinary preponderance of suicides over murderers in the most civilized countries of Europe is a fact of great impressiveness and importance. Many men kill themselves where one man kills another. It is an instructive and a pathetic fact. What a glimpse it opens into the world of human unhappiness, the big statistics of woe ! It is powerfully confirmatory of that modern tendency which every philanthropic moralist will be glad to see encouraged,—the tendency to look on crime more and more as disease, less and less as diabolism. We turn from the able work of M. Lisle with this inadequate notice, because we do not intend to discuss the subject of hypochondria in its technical nature or its merely professional bearings. We intend to treat it in a freer manner ; and, under its more popular aspect of *weariness of life*, to illustrate the general principles involved in it, and to enforce the cheerful and just views best adapted to neutralize its dismal workings in the soul.

There are more persons in the world than we are aware of, who, finding no novel prizes or unworn joys, are weary of the ordinary round of existence. Sated with what they have gone through, their monotonous souls pass the lagging days in an indolent and irritable unrest. They are tired of seeing the same sights, handling the same tools, treading the same paths, reaching the same results. Somehow, they fancy, they have exhausted the sources of interest. Life has become an old story, and they are sick of listening to its hum. The bloom is gone from nature, the gloss rubbed from hope. The

prodigal senses have spent all the startlingness of life; and neither wonder nor consolation has any stimulant edge to cut with, or any vivacious pleasure left to give. Trying every resource, they still turn away, sighing, with ineffable expression, "There is nothing in it." They suffer from an incessant nausea of soul which at once forbids private comfort, and makes the game of social ends seem not worth the candle of labor by whose light they must play it. Like the unhappy Solomon, they feel that all is vanity on vanity, and that there is nothing new under the sun. A perpetual ennui saturates the fibres of character. They want some unhackneyed shock of motive to string their nerves, some door of strange adventure opened before them to break up the chronic tedium beneath whose spell they groan. But nature pays no heed, society very little heed, to their condition or their cries: the course of habitual things moves on its dull way. And their mood, if not relieved in some manner, continues aggravating, until at last they chafe upon the almighty canon set against self-murder, longing —

"To shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh,"

and set up their rest in some clime where unguessed enchantments may break to view, and an unpalling variety of experiences continue in vivid succession for ever!

The victims of this state of mind, which sees no inspiring objects, thrills with no keen impulses, but is enslaved to a tame repetition of blunted perceptions, and therefore is burdened with fatigue and disgust of life, — are almost certain to misinterpret the experience. By the re-action of that healing self-esteem native to the human breast, they solace themselves with thinking that they have seen through the deceits and gew-gaws, and learned to appreciate the real worthlessness, of the game and spectacle whose mock passion and superficial glitter still excite others. But, ah! it is not so. Their disheartening experience argues, not that they have grown wiser, but that they have become morbid. The apparent emptiness of the world, falsehood and misery of life, are the result, not of

a sharper discernment, but of a diseased misperception. They mistakenly conclude that the world has ceased to be rich in beauty, glory, and enterprise, only because their souls have become poor in ambition, love, and energy. The sad change bewailed has not come over the scene, but has arisen in the spectators. The staleness and monotony which they have come to regard as attributes belonging to nature, providence, and history, are really but experiences lurking in the dregs of their passion, and pressing on the nerves of their indifference. These motiveless sufferers from melancholy and from unfulfilled cravings cannot bear to believe that themselves alone are to blame. It is so much more flattering to their conceit, so much more quieting to the uneasiness of conscience, ministers so much better to their indolence, that they naturally prefer attributing their vague and restless despondency to the inherent unsatisfactoriness of a shallow and transitory world, whose phenomena, both of matter and of consciousness, soon fall into an intolerable routine of samenesses. But this is a false solution of the problem. To the darkening eyes of one who dies at noon, the light seems to go out; but, in truth, the sun still shines as before. It is the sick charioteer who calls the Stadium dull. It is the disabled champion who says that the herald's trumpet has lost its music, and that the olive garland has faded.

Those whose lives have thus grown insipid and tiresome to them,—a sluggish load which they wearily carry, not penetrated by sharp desires, dominant resolves and fruitions, but full of aches and sighs,—after the above-described misinterpretation of their experience, seek, by various sophistical arguments, to justify it to their own minds. The best service, therefore, that can be rendered in the further treatment of the subject before us, will be to expose the sophistry of these arguments by a passing analysis of them in their unsound origin and in their pernicious effect. Such a course will enable us to rend the deceptive veils of sin, sloth, and error, so that we may recognize, as they are revealed in the normal experience of vigorous and well-attuned souls, the perpetual freshness of life and the undecaying charm of its theatre.

First to be specified is the *Fallacy of Sickness*. Good health, undisturbed by any morbid element, is followed, as a matter of course, by a contenting enjoyment of life. The conscious sense of existence in harmony is full of satisfaction and peace, and every faculty in the spontaneous fulfilment of its functions affords a grateful exhilaration. To a man commanding the normal fruition of all his powers and relations, every prospect wears a charm; and the stream of his experience is a flow of quiet bliss. A state of thorough soundness and vigor, surcharged with harmony and elasticity, is almost invulnerable to depression or fretfulness. Black cares cannot alight on muscles glowing with tonicity. Then simply to breathe the breath of life is luxury. Spiritual flabbiness, oftener than we think, comes from muscular prostration, and is followed by conscious melancholy and wretchedness. While curiosity keeps its pristine vigor, and the appetites their hungry eagerness, and assimilating thought and love their salient activity, all life is a delicious feast; but the moment disease interferes, in consequence of excess or perversion, discord mars the music, and gloom begins to spot the gay colors. The glow of strength which made exertion a pleasure gives way to a flaccid exhaustion which finds effort pain. Satiety loathes what was sweetest and raciest before. Inflammation writhes with agony at a silken touch or a breath of air. The trenchant will, robbed of its elasticity, droops timid and forceless; the rich electric blood, deteriorated, creeps thin and pale; the degeneration of the nervous tissues destroys the vivacity of every sensation, deadening the telegraphic ligaments that connect the individual with the universe. Now the splendor of nature has fled, the happiness of the soul has gone; contentment is an impossibility. Under these circumstances, a vacant and complaining depression is inevitable. And those who have undergone the wretched metamorphosis, by a natural sophism charge the alteration upon surrounding things; a profounder estimate of facts, as they imagine, having dispelled illusions and unmasked the sorry farce. But surely the error of this is bare when we contrast the feelings of an exultant horseman, on the hills, in

the steely sparkle of a winter morning, with those of an invalid crushed with languor, crawling out of bed, towards noon, in a heated chamber, his lungs feebly laboring in the de-oxygenized air. When a weary brain makes a dull world, it is plain that the original difference lies not in an old dulness, nor first perceived without, but in a new weariness which has come within. When a diseased condition of abused powers incapacitates for gust in the delights of existence, the foolish conceit of self-love would have us believe that the prerogatives of our state and course below have been emptied of their exciting sweetness; but the mistake is as clear as that made by an intoxicated person who supposes that his reeling is because the globe totters.

A second cause of complaints, on the part of many against the unsatisfying nature of life, arises from the *Fallacy of Disappointment*. He who sets his heart on the acquisition of an object, and cannot succeed in obtaining it, is in danger of being smitten down by the failure, giving himself up to disgust and despair. And is not society full of thwarted aspirants, tempted to sit down in their affliction, and gnaw their own hearts till they die? During the race, while the battle lasted, the excitement of contention filled their capacities, and they rejoiced in their opportunities; but when the shout arose, and, looking up, they saw others decked with the garlands they had striven for, the gladness of expectation perished, and the pain of chagrin took its place. Few persons affect to despise the world, unless the world neglects them. The souls who are so much greater than the world, that they must need be careless of it, form quite a small class in any community. But a multitude cursed with restless vanity without dignified ability, towering ambition without commensurate power and application, or rare genius without harmonious accompaniments and adapted position, have, by the consequent disappointment and incongruity, been made most miserable, regarding nature and society through jaundiced eyes, with an envious and spleenful spirit. From premises that touch the feelings we draw the most exaggerated conclusions. Failing in our designs on fortune, we say success

waits never on desert; and the order of things is so odious for its injustice that we would fain escape from it. Deceived or neglected by an adored friend, we exclaim, in desperate grief, Friendship is a deceit, or at best an impalpable ideal, to lure us from this cold sphere of forms to some happier shore where the outstretched arms of longing shall no more close upon the eluding air! The re-action of wounded vanity is the mightiest cause of that morbid melancholy which dwells on the hollow mockeries of the world until the hopeless soul relucts at every thing. We also look too much to exceptional ends, rare occasions, for happiness. These are more beset by difficulties, and therefore more likely to be missed of. We turn the precious material of a thousand days into common brick and board to build the festive arch of one triumphal hour, when, after all, that hour may balk our grasp, or, if we reach it, prove at last but a joyless pageant. Diogenes once asked a young fellow whom he saw sprucing himself up very finely to go to a great entertainment, "Is not every day a festival to a wise man?" Admiration, wisdom, love, and service are the true ends of our life. Those who devote their energies to these ends may be quite sure to win satisfying degrees of them. On the other hand, those who turn contemptuously from these things with a burning thirst to pursue artificial prizes, run a fearful chance of failure, and, even when they succeed, soon learn, to their sorrow, that success itself is disappointment. The heart was not made to worship fame or wealth or pleasure or power, but only truth, beauty, virtue, immortality, God; and selfish ambition often cheats its votaries most when heaping its profusest favors on them. The foolish and the sinful, awakening to their errors, sicken at the contemplation of the part they have played, tire of the scene in hand, and revolt from the sequel they foresee. Like the baffled chieftain when he was losing the crown he had murderously won, they begin to grow weary of the sun, and to wish that the estate of the world were now undone. Conscience affrights reason, and makes those sophists afterwards who were cowards first. For the trouble is simply that they have made wicked mistakes, and are disappointed;

not at all that the handiwork of the world and the boon of life are unworthy of acceptance or incapable of furnishing their holders dignified employment and joys of enduring relish.

The next support of that dissatisfaction, gloom, and painful absence of hope, constituting life-weariness, the great generator of complaints, is the *Fallacy of Comparison*. Selfishness, unnaturally stimulated by the universal rivalries of society, is the most constant and powerful of the springs of action. By the essence of its unwholesome activity it continually induces us to make comparisons. When these comparisons are to our own disadvantage, as, through the working of envy and ambition, they usually will be, they result in repinings. Consciousness swiftly becomes diseased, its unhappy irritation infects the world, and then all grows dark and wretched together, until our very existence appears a curse. The evil influence of contrasting our fate with that of another resides in the fact that we are so apt to depreciate what we have and to overvalue what we want; to mis-estimate the privileges of our own lot and to magnify those of our neighbors. Seen and used from within, day after day, our domain tends to lose all romantic investiture and to seem rusty and prosaic. Viewed occasionally, from without, at a proper artistic distance, an unbrushed enchantment clothes theirs, the "morning mist rolling more proudly, the purple eve lying more softly" there. It is hard to contrast the lucky side of a rival's fortune with the unlucky side of our own without overcharging both the glory and the gloom, and thus ministering to an unhealthy experience prolific in misery. And yet this is a most frequent habit. We should remember, in partial correction of it, that, in viewing the lives of other men and other ages, the ideal faculties have freedom to work; and we contemplate those lives as they lie now in our imaginations, all tediousness and turmoil, all harshness and horror, eliminated. The result would be quite other, if we analyzed the real traits and elements as they were commixed in the lives themselves, to those who actually led them. But, in estimating our own experience, stern fact is at hand to rectify any poetic coloring, and

prevent the verdict of an exhilarated fancy. Consequently, we can hardly help exaggerating the prerogatives of others, and underrating our own. Our vexations are felt, their sufferings are unseen; our familiar comforts are carelessly despised, their tantalizing prizes are restlessly coveted. And we forget, that, conversely, we are often the subjects of the same comparison and envy. The sailor, tossing on the deep, pines with the wish that he were a peaceful occupant of the cottage whose windows gleam far over the surging wave, unwitting that, at that very moment, the shepherd in turn, weary of a stagnant round, longs to be in his place on the adventurous deck. While we are desponding and complaining, hundreds are eager to occupy our posts and be faithful to our opportunities. Ought not any one to be ashamed to sit down, stolid and morose, amidst objects and motives which would thrill others with pride and delight? The true effect of setting our condition over against that of those better off than we are, should be to fill us with gladness at their greater prosperity. And, when we contrast our lot with that of those less favored than we are, we should be made grateful, and vow to repay our indebtedness by loyal service to humanity. The experience of a contrary effect proves disease on our part, — some imaginative perversion of the facts. For, when we healthily look on what is littler or lower than ourselves, a reflex sense of complacency naturally results, our feeling of power and privilege is heightened, our murmurs hush, our incubus lifts and dissolves. The same result is also brought about by a contemplation of what is larger and higher than ourselves. For regarding superior objects healthily, that is, with admiration and love, we sympathetically enter into their superiorities, and ideally appropriate them as our own; and the consequence is an enriched and strengthened consciousness. In this to-and-fro motion between ourselves and others, the last impulse is always given by the superior pole. That impulse, in a mind polarized by true perceptions of true standards, will be in our favor; in a mind polarized by morbid feelings, it will be against us. Selfish ignorance, malignity, every kind of degradation, load us with an unhappy bias

against ourselves in the contrasts and resemblances we regard; causing every vibration of the axis of comparison, whether towards the initial pole in ourselves or towards the terminal pole in others, and whether aimed up at superiorities or down at inferiorities, to engender an acrid deposit of wrong, a bitter complaint. This divine arrangement to re-enforce, sweeten, and heighten our life from both moral directions, by the complacent shock of the self when we think of those beneath, by the appropriating shock of sympathy when we think of those above, is wonderfully beautiful and important. Its frequent inversion is fearful, when a sight of superiors imbitters and depresses us, a sight of inferiors drags us down to them by a wrong magnetism, instead of ideally lifting them up to us and exalting us in their ascent. When, therefore, our comparisons have the effect to stir envy and sullen unhappiness in us, disgusting us with a world where it goes better with some than it does with us, and seems to go worse with us than it ought to, the devilish sophistry of sin is too evident to need further refutation or rebuke. There is in such cases a misadjustment, or polar disturbance and vitiation, of those standards of good which are set in the substrata of the mind to adjudicate on our acts. The sanitary lights of critical study should be darted in upon them until they are rectified.

The fourth ground of that heavy despondency, leading at last to reckless disgust, by which a class of persons are tortured, is the *Fallacy of Idleness*. Doing nothing, they persuade themselves that there is nothing in the world for them to do. Feeling no motive impelling them to energetic enterprise, they conclude that life is destitute of adequate motives. The very definition of ennui is, the painful re-action of unsatisfied capacities of performance. If there be one secret of a joyous experience, it is the presence of a generous ambition, electrifying the nervous centres, and keeping volition in triumphant play. The enthusiast, following distinct plans with eager toil to secure worthy ends, is the most enviable of mortals. One cardinal element in the usual happiness of youth is the presence of glowing expectancies, inexhaustible hopes and pursuits. It always has something to do, and salient energy

to undertake it. But, ah me! the change that comes sometimes with added age! The chase of a butterfly gives the child a more complete exhilaration than, forty years afterwards, he can find in the chase of a million pounds or a ducal coronet. By the influence of unwholesome views, the recoil of injured vanity, the poison of hatred, the exhaustion of overwrought passions, the undermining power of grief, or some other such cause, he loses his interest in what once inspired him. His wavering will, deprived of its polarity, fixes nowhere; his flagging faculties feel incapable of effort; his irritated sensibilities shrink from all contact. The inevitable consequence is weariness, repining, a miserable indolence in which the dispirited heart, loathing all things, eats itself. Exultation yields to lassitude, listlessness supplants enthusiasm, and "the soul's indifference dulls the sated eyes." Once every thing was in nothing; now nothing is in any thing. Sky and earth, and all the ingredients of the social scene, are nauseous; and immitigable ennui sets in until some revolution shall arise in the recuperative mind to send an army of democratic spirits rushing and shocking through the *blasé* breast. The sun shines not on the eyeballs of the dead, and the magnetic battery discharges its power in vain upon a disintegrated tissue: so the chief relishes of existence shun the unstudious brain, and all the pleasures of function are impossible to an idle hand.

The malady of an unemployed nature colors the world with its own distorting hues, and finally infuses into every thing its unnerving sophistry of self-condemnation and universal disgust. That such a result is the effect of indolent error, the working of the wretched disease of sloth, observation quickly teaches. For who is it that complains of the unvaryingness of things making life a burden? Is it the astronomer, sitting night after night in the same tower, watching the same phenomena, using the same instruments, repeating the same kind of calculations? Is it the teacher, month in and month out occupying the same desk, hearing the same recitations, returning on the same circling tracks? No: these, in earnest devotion to high ends, receive ever-living satisfactions

of reward. It is not the blacksmith nor the washerwoman doomed to the unceasing tasks of a humble and heavy lot, but the fop and the fine lady vacantly lounging their time away in scented and golden drawing-rooms, who pine in a stale routine of days. It is not the martyr suffering in a holy cause, but the epicure dissolving in contemptible luxury, who writhes with discontent, and sickens of existence.

The last cause to be mentioned as producing a vacant ache of the heart, and complaints of an unbearable monotony, is the *Fallacy of Custom*. There is perhaps no other so prolific parent of this unhappy state of soul as the habit of living in the ruts of usage, without spontaneous impulse and fruition, crusting life over with custom. Surprise, from the very essence of its effect, can never lose its freshness; but we may cease to be surprised. When this happens, it is only by painstaking thought that we can keep ourselves from the sophistry of concluding, that the startling phenomena and characteristics which once so thrillingly confronted our experience no longer exist. When Hamlet and Horatio came upon the clown, who was jovially singing a catch as he dug a grave, the philosophic prince said, "Hath this fellow no feeling of his business?" And his thoughtful comrade replied, "Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness." So it is with us all, throughout life, if we heed not to prevent it. The natural force of custom, unless counteracted by conscious attention and correcting thought, is to destroy the vividness of repeated experiences until they seem tame, and we grow careless and weary. Under the influence of custom, men take things mechanically, without sharp apprehension: they glide unthinkingly upon the surfaces of things, with ever less of quick and deep consciousness. They thus come to regard every thing as old and worn. Sated and capricious, they turn from the familiar array in which they have no studious intelligence or living love invested to yield them in return a constant interest, and cry for something new and strange to move them to feeling and to enterprise again. They seem to think that so many generations have come and departed that the freshness and romance of the world are

gone; its select prizes plucked; human experience; so long tried, trodden on, and handed down, become a vapid affair; in short, that the days of exuberant enthusiasm and achievement were over long ago; the wine of life drawn, and only the lees left to this age. They sigh for the great spirits and the rich occasions of an elder, nobler day,—*magnanimi heroes, nati in melioribus annis*,—unaware that the happier years are wanting only because they are not the magnanimous heroes. Had their lot been thrown in those happier times of old, before nature began to decay and man to sink into the mere service of mammon, were that poetic era but back again, they flatter themselves they would start from their inglorious supineness, and be foremost in the lists of toil and adventure.

Mistaken men! know ye not, that, in every period, obtuse and feeble persons, deceived by their own unhappiness, have reasoned just as you do now? Plant yourselves amid the hazardous events, the stormy struggles, the pastoral and predatory scenes of five hundred, two thousand, four thousand years ago. Alas! no golden age is there, but much worse times, much more stupid times, than these; and the men of that period, too, are sighing over a fancied Eden far away in the past, when indeed life was a boon worthy the gods. So sighed the ancients, and so sigh the moderns, untaught by the exposed folly of ancestral experience. In both cases, the fault is not in the circumstances, but is in the men; their lack of motive power and wholesome excitability. When life grows a mechanical and traditionary truism, the quickened and tender insight of genius still discerns in it the electrifying novelty of its originality; as the words buried in that dry collection of faded metaphors, a dictionary, when handled and breathed on by a poet's soul, become a fragrant and blooming poem. And never yet has the time come, when, if the personal conditions were fulfilled, the outward contents fortune offers to experience might not make the aspect and round of human existence as fresh and beautiful as a new banner suddenly unfurled to glorious music at the head of a host.

Who so unthinking as not to detect, when attention is

called to it, the shallow fallacy of habit? To-day, wherein are the earth and sky not as bright and strange, the seasons not as charming, life not as varied and dramatic, experience not as marvellous and thrilling, as ever they were? What needs it more than the eye to see and the heart to feel the splendid and solemn realities that move and burn beneath the encrusting veil which custom has gathered above the round of ways we tread, in order to perceive that there has been no falling-off from the intense interests of the game played by every soul during its fleshly transit of the earth? no decay of grandeur in the surrounding and overhanging spectacle that sees us live, and sees us die, and beholds us rise from our ashes with the exulting song of the phoenix soaring from his nest of aromatic fire? Show the proofs of any waning of the beauties or powers of outward things, of the values or excitements of inward things. Grows not the earth younger with every advancing year? She began, for the human race, with barren and decrepit age; the moulding hands of culture are obliterating her scars and deformities; and she is nearing a state in which, covered with complete loveliness, she shall flourish in the all-defying bloom of eternal youth. Such as creation's dawn beheld do not the azure heavens arch over us yet? Is it less sweet and pleasant a thing to behold the light of the sun this day than it was two centuries since? Does the moon, convoying the stars over the blue deep, sail any less serenely than it did once above the mingled scene of human homes and graves? Do not the bosoms of highland lakes, fringed by pines and girt by mountains, reflect the dread pomp and glitter of the nightly dome as accurately as ever? Was the song of birds ever sweeter, the grass of the meadows ever greener, the cooling flow of streams ever fresher, the burst of morning on the hills ever more glorious, the ripening effulgence of noon ever more welcome, the black and crimson magnificence of sunset clouds ever more diversified, than they were the last summer? Rolls the flood of harvest its golden waves on the autumnal shore less profusely than in other years? Had the colors on the pallet of Frost lost their glory when he paused, last October, to paint the woodlands as he passed?

If we dwell as closely with Nature as the men of yore did, and have as well developed and healthy powers as they had, we shall find her the same lovely and sheltering mother of us all in the modern world that she was in the antique. Our perception sometimes fails; her beauty never. When the ancient shepherds gazed on the starlit landscape, compared by Homer with the embattled plain before Ilium blazing with watch-fires, did they see any newer and grander sight than that which twelve hours ago greeted the chamois-hunter when the virgin, Moonlight, laved the icy peaks of the Alps with silvery kisses? or that which at to-morrow's dawn will confront the American pioneer when the stainless goddess, Sunrise, gilds the gray crags of the Rocky Mountains? A cultivated, imaginative man of the nineteenth century, standing on the rocks of our own shore and looking at the gambolling waves, will see as many Nereids and Tritons; climbing the misty sides and blue summits of our own mountains, will pass as many Oreads; wandering by lonely streams and fountains within sound of the passing steam-car, will meet as fair Naiads; roaming the murmurous woods of our uncleared townships, will catch glimpses and hear the sighs of as coy Dryads,—as any favored poet ever encountered in the mysterious age of Orpheus, in the enchanted land of Greece. For is he not acquainted with the facts and phenomena of lights and shades, forms and colors, the latent forces, aspiring growths, spiritual suggestions, which in the olden time were thus personified? And cannot he, too, personify and robe them? To a soul filled with sympathetic life, able to assimilate the accumulated wealth of science, the change is no loss, but is a gain. When the rattling artillery of the skies crashes overhead, he does not painfully feel that the great Olympian has been disinherited of his bolts. If he never sees the cars of the gods moving along the empyrean floor, he recognizes massive worlds unnumbered wheeling their noiseless evolutions there, in mystic dance, not without song of their own sort. Poetic fictions have given way to more poetic verities. The visionary personifications of the mystagogues have but yielded place to the immanent forces of unknowable Deity.

“Earth outgrows the mythic fancies
Sung beside her in her youth;
And those *débonnaire* romances
Sound but dull beside the truth.
Phœbus’ chariot-course is run :
Look up, brothers, to the sun !
Truth is fair : shall we forego it ?
Do we right to sigh for wrong ?
God himself is the best poet,
And the Real is his song.”

Neither has the flight of time, sparing thus the unstaled loveliness of Nature, taken any thing from the wondrousness, the fascinating pleasures and pains, the exhaustless secrets, of the individual experience of man. To realize that life is now all that it ever was, needs but a little more sharpness of sight, vigor of thought, and openness of sensibility, brought face to face with the emotional contents of affairs and the daily expressiveness of things. In reality, every new conquest of discovery, invention, philosophy, or sentiment, subduing our habitation to our use, drawing our race into a sympathetic solidarity, makes the earth a kinglier residence, and existence a grander privilege. What was the troubadour’s guitar when he struck it before castle-moat or convent gate, singing, “News from Palestine,” compared with the telegraphic wire, which, swept by a passing breeze at dawn, becomes the string of a gigantic æolian harp, and sheds music on the morning air, traversed around the globe by invisible tidings of rapture and tragedy ; now the farewell message of dying innocence, now the horrible note of an empire’s fall ? For mere daring, the feat in the pass of the Thermopylæan hills shrinks before the charge at Balaklava ; and, for poetic chivalry, the image of Jason skimming the Pontic Sea with his Argonauts is dimmed by the lustre of Kane on the deck of the Advance amidst the groaning floes of Rensselaer Bay. For what is the selfish snatching of a golden fleece compared with the disinterested saving of a brother’s life ? Indeed the adventurous age of knighthood itself, whose illusory romance weaves such a spell over us, boasts no essay not outdone by that Hyperborean crusade of our time which projected above the Arctic Ocean, in thrilling tableaux of mutual fidelity,

solemn daring, superhuman effort and unconquerable endurance, so magnificent a series of frozen cartoons set in so appalling a framework of northern lights, polar darkness and spectral armies of ice. Feats more redoubtable than those which used to snatch plaudit and palm on the edge of fight, secret martyrdoms more trying than those the earlier confessors suffered at the stake and the block, are enacting at this moment in ten thousand places over the silent world. The miserable fallacy of custom chiefly causes the complaint, so often heard, of modern dulness and degeneracy. It is sophistry all. The recording angel of this century, moving over land and sea, by battle-plains, through hospital-wards, above sinking decks, along the avenues of literature and science, around the haunts of pious love and toil, will gather as fragrant a sheaf of shining names as any former period ever garnered into the niches of historical renown.

Outwardly, then, as we see, the magic hues that robed skies, hills, rivers, vales, trees and flowers, in the sight of earth's primitive children, have never faded before the admiring eyes of pure affection and reverential thought. So, inwardly, right and wrong, corruption and purity, wisdom, folly, peace, madness, exultation, wretchedness, and despair, the heights and depths of nobility and degradation, have not lost to aspiring souls, and in the course of a million ages cannot lose, any of the attractions and horrors, joys and agonies that ever surcharged or encompassed them. Wherein is life in this world not still as regal and mystic a thing as it was when Abraham roamed the plains of the patriarchal East, or when Moses gazed from the top of Mount Nebo, his eye not yet dim? Alluring veils hang all around us; and what is behind them who knows any better now than weary Jacob did, when, with a stone for a pillow, he slept at Padan-aram, and dreamed he saw the skyey ladder thronged with celestials commercing between the two worlds? Discovered crime blanches the coward cheek with as unhackneyed a pang, and shoots the horrifying bolts of agony through the guilty soul with as frightful an effect, now, as when, in the lurid shade of Eden, conscience thundered to the first murderer, "Where is thy

brother?" Surely love is as delicious a sensation, as profound a power, in the throbbing hearts it possesses now, as it has ever been since the avenging angel waved the first pair from the walls of Paradise lost. And is not jealousy just as terrible as when its earliest victim was torn with agony? Full tragically is the fate of despairing Sappho, who threw herself from the Leucadian steep, paralleled by the wretched girl who this night stands on London Bridge, bids a wild farewell to heaven and earth, flings herself into the dark torrent, and is borne turbidly down to the sobbing sea, —

"Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled
Any where, any where
Out of the world!"

Is not the pursuit of truth as fresh, as noble, as delightful an occupation as when it absorbed the imperial souls of Pythagoras, Plato, and Archimedes? And are there not as many astonishing revelations to be made now as there were then? Since our knowledge is merely a point in the centre of an infinite ignorance, how can there not be starry wonders without limit yet waiting to be unveiled, stupendous secrets close at hand and burning to be born? Is not fame's green laurel just as desirable to-day as when the passion for it broke the sleep of Themistocles? And is not the shout of good men's applause, resounding along the ages to kindle the souls of ingenuous youth, as glorious a prize in the year of Christ eighteen hundred and sixty-five, as when the pursuit of it fired the lofty genius of Cicero, in the year of Rome six hundred and ninety-four? Were the alternative possibilities of character ever more momentous than they are now? was the line that separates them ever more hazardous? was death ever a more awful turning-point, did the future ever tremble more fearfully on the present, than in the very hour we are living? What absurdity to talk of the decay of romance and passion, to say that every thing has lost its interest and grown old and trite, when every year the intensity of the game between imaginative passion and limiting circumstance in

thousands of instances reaches the transcendental climax of suicide; the beleaguered soul voluntarily exploding the magazine of life, and, through the pale and bleeding breaches of ruin, rushing out of its fleshly castle into the glimpseless kingdom of the unknown! To lift or pierce the dull veils of custom is to escape the most discouraging fallacy which afflicts us, and to discern that the brilliant colors of things have not faded, the forms of success not parted with their maddening beauty, sentiment not turned its edge, the problems of thought not been stripped of their luring mystery, the elements of romance not diminished in their number nor waned in their power.

When, therefore, with monotonous fret, men complain that existence is a wearisome burden, the reason lies not in nature and life, but in the sophistry of worrying sickness, re-acting disappointment, envious comparison, remorseful idleness, and blunting habit. God has made the universe, and orders existence, most generously and handsomely; but men, sick, jealous, disappointed, lazy, surfeited, refuse to conform to the conditions of a noble and joyous experience. They suffer hollowness and monotony simply because they have not kept their faculties susceptible and keen, healthily animated by genial affections. Wonders have not deceased from the world, but astonishment is dead in them. Belief may putrefy in the tank of a stagnant breast: truth is a living spring. Sympathy may contract and die in the selfish breath of a cold heart: love is the warm boundlessness of God. And it is the most precious fact of experience, that to those who through advancing years keep the keen curiosity of their minds unblunted, the tender ingenuousness of their hearts unhardened, the live source of their energies undrained, and the loving aspirations of their souls unchilled, no glory that their youth saw ever departs from the mountains and the sea; the ambitions which society early kindled in them but purifyingly broaden and ascend; action always continues to yield an undulled pleasure, and life possesses the enriching charm of perennial novelty. Those who, by indulgence of an over-weening selfishness, have soured their sympathies and

imbittered their tempers, or, in jading voluptuousness and dawdling reveries, have lost the tingling zest of resolution and exertion, if they can brace their muscles again by the tonic of vigorous use, make exercise sharpen their restrained appetites with the cloyless sauce of hunger, acquire a genial affection for their neighbors, recover a strong desire for the grand prizes of wisdom and usefulness, and go zealously to work, will at once see how wretchedly disease through its green goggles misreads all the lessons of time, idleness by its enervate judgment underestimates the opportunities of man, and selfishness with its dark mistakes dims the splendor of his environment.

Having thus stated the experience of weariness and disgust constituting morbid melancholy, shown the misinterpretation the interested parties are naturally inclined to put upon it, and exposed the fallacies by which they sometimes try to justify it to themselves as if it rested on grounds of truth and wisdom, the final part of the subject now confronts us in the question, What is the method of overcoming this wretched sickness and sorrow of the mind?

The first step towards its removal is to see clearly through the sophistry which supports and enshrouds it, obtain a good understanding of its causes, its nature, and its effects. A distinct discernment of the diseased and fallacious character of any given experience naturally produces a revolt from it, and stimulates efforts to be free from it. The first thing, therefore, is to see the truth. Now, that the psychological phenomena under investigation are sickly and contemptible, based on errors, appears from the fact that they are usually exhibited, not by the children of affliction and hardship, where there would seem to be some excuse for them, but by the rich and idle who lead a poppied life. There must be mistake and wrong at the bottom of complaints which are silent in the abodes of destitution and the rounds of toil, but are long and deep in the voluptuous haunts where Fortune has showered her favors. Raw self-conceit, weak, and thwarted in the struggle, often pampers its owner with the soothing fancy, that, in suffering the pangs of vague melancholy, he

shows the proof of a finer soul than is common. But, really, to loathe the offers of time is to have suffered vulgar discomfiture. He truly is of a noble nature, and acts the heroic part, who, capacious of sorrows; vanquishes their power, and maintains a high heart of cheer. There is a whining melancholy resulting from a morbid exaltation of self-consciousness, whose subject is acutely sensitive to every trouble of his own, stonily careless of the calamities of others, preserves a good appetite, is exacting, irritable, censorious, finding little to admire, less to praise, nothing generously to enjoy. The unjustifiableness, the wickedness of this state is obvious. Yet its victims are numerous and obtrusive. There is sometimes a poetic melancholy arising from thoughts and sentiments too high and pure for the vulgar facts of life; from hopes, plans, and affections so vast and delicate as to be out of tune with a discordant world, forced by disappointment to weep and bleed in yearning solitude apart from the coarse jokers and jostlers of the time. This style of experience is much more rare than self-love would have us think; and, when it does exist, it is never noisy, but shrinking and still. It has unutterable compensations of its own. God never abandons it to clamor to the passers-by for relief, but causes it often to exclaim in the midst of its desertion, with a strange joy, "I am not alone, for the Father is with me!"

Quite obvious, furthermore, on a moment's reflection, is the sophistry under the feeling, that, because others have enjoyed and suffered the same things with ourselves, these are therefore the less fresh to us, their bloom and vivacity worn away. Except for the egotistic greed for precedence, and the social honor of discovery, it is exactly the same with us in every realm of experience as if we were sailing an unkeeled sea. To the newest voyager, if he turns towards it a guileless heart and a poet's eye, shows not the emerald crest of the Bahamas, rising airily aloft out of the sea, the same outlines, tinted with the same hues, that saluted the straining gaze of Columbus?

The spectacle of existence, momentarily renewed, is exhaustless in itself; and, besides, we do not stay long enough

to wear it out. New generations are ever coming, to whom each feature of the marvellous show is not only untested, but unanticipated; for whom untried enchantments flash from the dun clouds of usage. Every individual's experience is his Garden of Eden, given to him to dress it and to keep it. The boundary of his personal consciousness is the true flaming sword turning every way to keep him from escaping, and others from entering; for every heart alone knows its own bitterness and its own blessedness. Each man and woman, therefore, walks the world, a new Adam and Eve, in a new Paradise. The chief difference, leaving theological theories out of account, is to the inexpressible disadvantage of the primal pair, as they had no past. Volumes of meaning are expressed in the simple statement, that literature and music, science and art, society and civilization, have all been since achieved. Equally with them we inherit the wondrous visions and sensations of the present, and the boundless hopes of the future; but, in addition, we inherit an untold enlargement of perception, emotion, and thought, in consequence of history. What an enrichment we gain in possessing that great and silent domain of soul, wherein, as we wander at will, the weird kindred of the mind glide from every ruin and shade! Man's martyrdoms and triumphs have given sympathetic voices to the air, and his architecture and agriculture have new-created the earth.

"Nature herself is proud of his designs,
And joys to wear the dressing of his lines."

Standing on the mighty vantage-ground of the present, whence our retrospective study commands all the precious results achieved by foregone men, let us not, enviously exaggerating their prerogatives in the world's antique youth by the bank of the Euphrates, fail gratefully to appreciate the superiority of our own accumulated privileges in the world's young antiquity on this American shore! For, reckoning on any rational data, the first experiment is youngest and crudest; the last is oldest and wisest, and newest too! It is impossible human life should ever become intrinsically a spir-

itless tale ; because every one must experience it for himself, and no one can experience it a second time. It is handed down from generation to generation as a joy, a peril, an enigma, an opportunity, an excitement, unceasingly vivid and attractive. New things arise, and the old are not old.

“In Florence, Dante’s voice no more is booming,
Nor Beatrice’s face by Arno blooming ;
But hearts that never heard the poet’s story
Have their own heaven and hell and purgatory ;”

for all that is beautiful and appalling in the meaning of those words has its symbol and prophecy reflected in our individual breasts and lives, from man to man, in each succeeding moment.

There are, in addition to the everlasting freshness of our cardinal experiences, two specific elements of perpetual novelty in life. First, the identical old materials combine in new shapes, proportions, and colors. Secondly, we are continually confronting them with new experiences and in modifying moods. It is undoubtedly true of every man, that just such a one was never before born into space ; and of every career, that exactly such a one was never before run in time. Every human life has its marked originality, its distinguishing idiosyncrasies. It is in this respect “like morning out of the east, — the same sunlight, but a new day.” Wherever God comes, he makes all things new ; and he comes everywhere for ever. He new-creates the universe each instant. Should he for one moment suspend the exercise of his creative power, the whole universe would vanish, and nothing remain to fill infinitude except himself. This new creation, being continuous and incessant, is the same as if all were an everlasting fixture. The result, to those who look on it from without as we do, appears monotonous and ancient ; but, to him who is ever new-making from within, it retains the unworn aspect of eternal novelty. This is what we need in regard to our life,—fresh insight and vivid feeling to make us recognize the apparently trite routine of our existence, as really fresh and zestful, making all things new. Why should

friendship fade, ambition mould, or imagination grow stale? Did you ever hear of an old decayed rainbow, or see a rotten sunrise? Is it not a mysterious pleasure at any time to think of that invisible Workman who polishes the eye of the antelope, perfumes the cup of the lily, and arches the cloudy dome with his shimmering prism?

The second step for the miserable subject of melancholy to take for freeing himself from his inward curse, and securing an incessant charm of freshness and stimulus to his life, is to endeavor to suppress the exaggerated craving for great and rare things, for extraordinary achievements, unwonted degrees of emotion; and to fall back on the elementary satisfactions of his nature and relations. It is only the quiet and usual tenor of feeling which can be sustained without exhaustion or injury. Any overstrained experience swiftly blunts and wearies the enjoying capacity. Therefore, to avoid fatigue and nausea of spirit, man must prevalingly dwell in the fruition of those relations, and the exercise of those faculties, which are so simple and constitutional that they can neither fail nor pall. Are not health, purity, disinterestedness, friendship, the sight of a buttercup blooming by the roadside, the sound of a bee's note in the odorous thicket, the acquisition of a truth, a child's kiss, a mother's smile, a sense of self-approval, a draught of cold water, a breath of pure air, the experience of a poetic thought or a chivalrous sentiment, — fresh joys as often as they are felt? And may they not be frequently felt anew as long as we live? It is high-strung sentimentalities, artificial luxuries, unnatural excesses, that pervert our powers from their poise and pleasurable play, sicken our disgusted palates, and oppress our minds until we tire of life and complain of every thing. But truth and love, sunrise, blossoming orchards, and the evening breeze, exercise, aspiration, and progress, never betray, never desert, never satiate their wise and wholesome votaries. Who ever knew a lark dispirited, *blasé*, refusing to mount and sing when the purpling East threw open its gray gates for the golden procession of the day? If we would be contented as the mountains, serene as the stars, regular and beautiful in

our moods and ways as the forests and streams, exhilarate and happy as the birds, why, then, we must live in self-sufficing obedience to law as they do, without greediness, enjoying our destiny through the simple fulfilment of our normal functions. Gazing across the slopes of the meadow on the glassy river set on fire by the low-hanging sun, lying in the clover-field, coming through the waves of rye or between the stacks of yellow corn, it is the very perniciousness of a selfish fancy grown morbid to be for ever imagining more paradisaal realms, and pining for the heartless pomps of court and city. Ah! why

“Thus dream of lands of gold and pearl,
Of loving knight and lady,
When farmer boy and barefoot girl
Are wandering there already”?

It is an ambitious longing for something beyond the healthy level and round of our human lot that goads the endless unrest, and prompts the unfailing sigh. We must vanquish this importunate and immoderate desire in contentment with the elemental simplicities of nature and life, before we can heave off the deadly incubus of depression. When the sultan of Persia acquires the robust and unsophisticated appetite of Lycurgus or Agesilaus, he will equally relish a meal of Spartan broth. In the mean time, although his couch sparkles with imperial gems, and exhales the costliest perfumes, he tosses on it, uneasy, languid, fretful, and life-weary.

The next direction to be given to the sufferer from indifference and tedium, is, that he strive to observe the scene of existence more artistically, and to experience its contents more earnestly, by viewing all under the impulse of a higher and clearer purpose; that is, that he order and pursue his life, not at hap-hazard, but as a fine art. Nature and society seem rigged with triviality, freighted with sameness, and becalmed in a stagnant zone, only when we, reclined beneath an awning of sluggishness, fail to perceive the sails flapping in the breeze, the ripples glistening in the sun, and the landmarks scudding by. If we make the necessary exertion to rise up

and look keenly forth, our listlessness will have gone in the very effort. The rusty and dusty prizes hung around the arena of our appointed career are burnished whenever we gaze at them with an appreciative soul in our eyes. Nature, in proportion as she is watched by a loving spirit through a poetic eye, grows living, beautiful, precious, and inspiring. And our whole life is in every respect both freshened and aggrandized whenever it is studied as an art. It is essentially an art, the highest and most inclusive of all arts. It is an art of observation. It requires training, it requires conscientious and affectionate watchfulness, to see with intellectual mastery and assimilative feeling what passes before our own eyes, and occurs within our own hearts, every day. Not one in ten thousand does it; and this is a chief reason why the ruling strain of their days is a heavy drone. No careless scanner will so behold and recognize the mystery and beauty of things as to feel perpetual wonder and love before them. This needs a further art, an art of insight. Whoever successfully practises this art discerns that really there is no monotony or tediousness anywhere, except in the blind and torpid soul. Each departing scene is a picture colored and shaded with desires and fears. Each advancing moment is a cup spiced with hopes and risks. The observer who reads with competent eye whatever concerns him, perceiving that every "to-day is a king in disguise," unmasking their royalty as they pass, and, journeying in their companionship, makes his experience an imperial progress, free from vulgar degradation, and quite aloof from ignoble hangers-on. The master of the arts of observation and insight, soon learning that immortal youth is the basis of nature, and that fresh life is the law of souls, sees his existence borne swiftly forwards, past incessantly changing objects, amidst perpetually varied events, beneath ethereal hues of alluring and pathetic evanescence. Viewed with a wise and just perception, truly human life is a gliding stream; and his own individuality is the boat wherefrom each person contemplates the visions that seem to come and go as he really approaches and departs. All is quick, novel, wondrous, exciting; never stale and stupid.

“ The scene is fair, the stream is strong ;
I sketch it as we float along :
Still as we go, the things I see,
E’en while I see them, cease to be ;
The angles shift, and with the boat
The whole perspective seems to float ;
Each painted height, each wavy line,
To new and other forms combine ;
Proportions change, and colors fade,
And all the landscape is remade ! ”

How can anybody so give himself up to the fallacies of a melancholy mind as to believe that this incessantly shifting picture, this kaleidoscopic miracle of human life, is a worn-out and insufferable old repetition ?

Joyful and glorious life is not only an art of observation and an art of insight : it is, furthermore, an art of associative thought and sympathetic imagination. This is the nature and function of romance,—a most important element in the health and happiness of life. Romance, closely allied to religion in essence and office, is the enrichment and heightening of life by imaginative associations. Without this, every experience is meagre, haggard, and weary. No experience limited to present facts, or dominated by mere selfishness, can ever suffice to make us happy and contented for a long time. We must lean on a rock which is higher than we, and re-enforce ourselves with affiliated legions of conspiring aids. Our noblest faculties are turned to one of their noblest uses when we employ them to group the grandeurs of nature along our petty ways, to add the swelling achievements, the victorious anthems, the deep exultations, of universal humanity to the insufficiency of our own poor deeds, feeble voices, and faltering joys. We are able thus, in a wondrous manner, to deepen and enlarge our lives with the component elements of the life of our whole race, past, present, future, until our personal experience is actually fermented with the emprise of all adventurers, sweetened with the hopes of all friends, thrilled with the triumphs of all heroes, perfected with the blissful calm of all saints. However humble the lot and tame the career of any one, he may instantly make them lofty and electrifying by suppressing his pride and envy, and identifying

his individual fortune with the collective destiny of his kind. Let him think of the philosophers grappling with difficult problems, the happy families rejoicing together, the prodigal sons wandering in far climes, the nameless tragedies enacting in many a place, the messages flashing along telegraphic wires, the zones of sunrise and sunset for ever speeding around the globe; the one followed by a girdle of merry laborers filling the dawn with bustle, and the other by a girdle of whispering lovers loitering in the shade,— and his human heart will beat high, he will see their mysteries in his brain, experience their pangs and pleasures in his soul, recognize their stir in his muscles, feel their kisses warm on his lips; and an air of gladsome newness will invest all things with worth and beauty. Man can avoid the monotonous burden of a treadmill experience only by breaking away in thought and action from the dull narrowness of a treadmill life; and this he may do by living in the whole life of humanity. He may also do it by constantly making personal progress in knowledge, affection, faith, and power, through the cherished impulsion of those thoughts which wing the soul for roofless heights.

A corrective art of thought is the antidote of every depressing sophistry. Whatever heightens life in its functions, or in its sense of functional power, cheers; whatever lowers it tends to produce melancholy. In rich and victorious souls, poetry and faith are a twin-birth. Ideality is the supplement to defective reality. Seems the world godless and gloomy? Conceive the perpetuity of inspiration, and it becomes a divine transparency illuminated with the glow of intelligence, the back-fires of divinity. In darkness and chillness rises the distressing suspicion, that we are forsaken orphans pitilessly left to our fate? It vanishes before the warmth and comfort of the thought of how the Lord, the Shepherd, leads his flock into the pasture of the day with a crook of morning light; and, when they tire, pins them in the fold of sleep with the evening star. Contemplating exhibitions of meanness and debasement, sickness, decay, oblivious imbecility, does our admiration of human nature faint, and does our confidence

in eternal life expire? A judicious reflection revives the reverence and restores the faith by showing the sublimity of man as seen when he treads on ignorance and conquers temptation, achieving truth and virtue; when, a lonely spray of immortality, in willing martyrdom for others, he dashes himself against the adamantine masses of oppression; when his spiritual passion surges through the arteries of creation, and he subjects the phases of the universe to the moods of his fortune.

“What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers?”

Should our toil and path appear low and unclean, our roof and furniture rustic and plebeian, will not a little thought teach us that every day we travel on our errands hemmed in by galaxies, and every night lie down to slumber pavilioned with eternity? And, as to cheap outfit and tiresome repetition of steps, knows not the most destitute and shabby pedestrian who thinks competently of the facts, that since, in his annual journey around the ecliptic, he can neither set up any waymarks nor fathom the wonder of the course or the terror of the speed, the road never grows trite, but remains for ever exciting and awful to him who understands the sublimity of his chariot and riding, as, along the blue lane of space, between precipitous banks of stars, he rolls to his fate? Through this art of inspiration and aggrandizement, the quiet life of many a private man of genius, waited on by meditation and love, is crowded with internal incidents of purer pomp and delight than all the idle pageants of kings. Angels lackey his state, the most royal scenery of the universe environs his toils and decks his dreams, and the very music of God swells in his breast. Throned over that inward empire of mind, more real than the realm of cloud and granite, he wields the sceptre of thought; and all is plastic beneath it. The illimitable fingers of imagination mould the unresisting material as he wills. In that soundless and lovely domain, the stubborn crudities and deformities of the actual intrude not.

All harshness and cruelty are far. There the beggar is a millionaire, the dairy-maid a queen, the corporal an emperor, and the man a god.

When weariness marries disgust, melancholy is the child they bear; and fallacies are the food on which its life is nourished. Whoever would starve or strangle this vampire must either cut off its food by insight of truth, or choke out its life by some exertion of enterprise. One indispensable requirement is made of the despondent complainer before he can be free from his misery; and that is, that he wake up, rally his energies, and set before himself some kindling aim to be pursued. Making constant advances towards the boons that will then beckon and fire his soul, he will escape that wearisome experience which resembles the beat of a sentinel or of a prisoner. The primal necessity is resolute exertion; for, while not all heaven can stop the tongue of the lazy and selfish grumbler, a very small allowance of reward fills the earnest worker with gratitude. Devotion to an end is the best inspiration and joy of life, and the most lasting. The fountain of a disinterested passion, once troubled by the descent of an angel-vow pledging us to some noble design, is a perpetual source of strength and blessedness thenceforward.

There is a religious element, a divine obligation, in this strain of thought and effort. God loveth not only a cheerful giver, but verily a cheerful liver too. A sound and wise man is prevailingly happy and grateful, feels that he has no business to be sour and querulous, and to go whining through the world as if the God-gift of existence were a penalty. Those who feel differently are in a perverted state; and their misery originates at home, however much they charge it elsewhere. For life, in flowing through us, takes the form, color, and taste our being gives it. A certain preparation passed through the glands of a serpent is deposited as poison in his fangs; passed through the organs of a bee, is dropped as honey in his hive. Our experience is the elaborated product of our organism and character. As we are, we live; as we sow, we reap. Under the rule of that infinite Force of the Universe whose name is God, in that perfect concatenation of causes and effects which

is Providence, whatever is, is necessary; and man has no right to complain, but ought to take his part, and bear his load, and fight his fight, and meet his fate, manfully, with good pluck and good cheer.

An impressive lesson is conveyed in the old story of the imperial epicure, who, yawning in agony of exhaustion, offered by public proclamation a reward to the person who would enable him to experience a new sensation. A universe of inviting truth before him; a world of sighing humanity around him; an invisible throng of dangers hovering over him ready to snatch his life; far along the night, the constellations burning like tapers in the silent halls of eternity, as if to draw the exploring mind to solve the infinite mysteries of death and fate, — and there he lolls on his luxurious couch, in a chamber whose air is thick with perfumes, groaning in anguish of satiation, and offering a reward for a sensation! What a spectacle for men and angels! Instead of sending the herald through the streets, had he but risen up, and begun to search for truth, to organize justice, to love his fellows, to relieve the miseries of his people, and thus to set an example for the applauding after-time to copy, he had acted wisely. In that case, all posterity would have turned with grateful veneration to do honor to their ornament and benefactor; but, as it is, contempt and disgust hasten to drop the curtain over the jaded brute of Rome.

Those depressed and torpid men, or sour and fretful men, who, devoid of an unselfish ambition, think there is nothing now left worth bestirring themselves for, independent of foreign regards, need with some mixed stimulus of affection and alarm to disturb the thickening life which unbelief and laziness have drugged, anoint their eyes to see, penetrate the mechanical commonplace of habit, and thus come into moving contact with the deep realities of life, in order to perceive that all the fault was their own, and not chargeable to their times nor to their circumstances. Disheartened complainer! the defect which you charge upon the contemporaneous history that holds you, really lies in the exacerbating envy which rots your fruit of life or turns it into apples of Sodom, — the

tepid debility which extracts all the ruddiness from ambition and changes the joyous tension of muscularity into painful languor. By one determined volition overcome the stifling power of selfish indolence, by sympathy plunge into all history as the inspired actor of it, by love summon up all beauty as the first beholder of it, by imagination grasp all discovery as the first achiever of it, by persistent reasoning master all philosophy as the original thinker of it, by benevolent principle engage in every good work as the disinterested servant of it, by religious faith adore God and anticipate the world to come as the born inheritor of them, — and you shall find yourself a new man, leading a new life, in a new world. If you have ever felt existence as a weary burden, and wished for death to rid you of its unwelcome cares, you shall know then how much you were mistaken ; for —

“ Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.
'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant ;
'Tis life, not death, for which we pant ;
More life, and keener, that we want.”

There is no lack of reason for making the exertion thus indicated : “ Having waited a whole eternity to be born, have we not now a whole eternity waiting to see what we will do when born ? ” There is no want of awful and inspiring alternatives, gulfs of horror, and heights of hope : the doom of vicious defeat and suffering, and the prize of virtuous victory and blessedness, are hung on our freedom, waiting to be chosen and achieved. There is no deficiency of sympathetic and helping hosts : do not throngs of celestial beings, crowding the sightless air around, watch us with holy interest ? The sole defect is of a due sensibility to the realities of the case, an adequate appreciation of how glad and sorrowful and perilous and sublime a thing it is to be a man, to rejoice in life, to love and be loved, to suffer, to be pardoned, to grow wise and good and great, to die, to rise, and to be immortal.

The great body of mankind, being unstirred from within, need a shock from without to startle them into waking pur-

poses. They need to have those faiths and desires which are charged with the resurrection of the dead forcibly introduced into their souls to propel them within a new sphere of experience. The dumb son of the king of Lydia, when he saw, during the sack of Sardis, a soldier ready to strike the king upon the head with his cimeter, was so roused by fear and tenderness for the life of his father, that, according to the ancient legend, by a violent effort he broke the string of his tongue, and cried, "*Soldier, spare the life of Cræsus!*" Let the idlers who complain of the tameness of all things in these modern days, by the sudden power of a regenerative resolve break the cords of unbelief and sloth that bind them in torpor, and bring their souls to a real appreciation of the motives and possibilities of life,—wisdom, enterprise, hope, and duty,—and they shall find that infinite gratifications are not far from any one of them. They shall see that the world is crowded with privileges of ascending glory and deepening satisfaction. They shall feel how steadily a healthy life, by the freshness of its perpetual variety, flings refutation and contempt on the torturing sophistries of a melancholy mind. Suicide is not the genuine escape from evil, but is the most fearfully baited trap it sets. The true deliverance from the evils, both real and imaginary, which beset us, is in the insight and inspiration imparted by a deeper contact with truth and nature, society and God, detaching experience from the reflex self and attaching it to divine objects. In rich and heroic souls, the motives of life make a music under whose stimulus they feel as if, before a gazing world, over a stairway covered with cloth of gold, they were marching to the stars.

ART. II. — GERALD GRIFFIN.

The Works of GERALD GRIFFIN, in ten volumes. Montreal and New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

WE take Gerald Griffin, a brilliant novelist and poet, for the subject of our present article.

His parents belonged to respectable Roman-Catholic families in the south of Ireland. His father was a fairly educated and intelligent man: his mother was a woman of talents and of considerable reading. She was also a woman of strong affections, of deep sensibility, of earnest religious feeling, and of great elevation of character. "She was," says her son, the biographer of Gerald, "a person of exceedingly fine taste on most subjects, particularly on literature, for which she had a strong original turn, and which was indeed her passion."

Alluding to her sensibility, he observes, —

"This sensibility, the restless and inexhaustible fountain of so much happiness and so much pain, she handed down to her son Gerald in all its entirety. She was intimately acquainted with the best models of English classical literature, took great delight in their study, and always endeavored to cultivate a taste for them in her children. Besides that sound religious instruction which she made secondary to nothing, and which in her opinion was the foundation of every thing good, it was her constant aim to infuse more strongly into their minds that nobility of sentiment, and princely and honorable feeling in all transactions with others, which are its necessary fruits, and which the world itself, in its greatest faithlessness to religion, is compelled to worship. She would frequently through the day, or in the evening, ask us questions in history; and these were generally such as tended to strengthen our remembrance of the more important passages, or to point out in any historical character those traits of moral beauty that she admired. 'Gerald,' I heard her ask, 'what did Camillus say to the schoolmaster of the Falerii?' Gerald instantly sat erect in his chair, his countenance glowing with the indignation which such an act of baseness inspired, and repeated with energy, 'Execrable villain!' cried the noble Roman, 'offer thy abominable proposals to

creatures like thyself, and not to me! What though we be enemies of your city, are there not natural ties that bind all mankind, which should never be broken?"

A generous Roman spirit, Christianized and softened, also shows itself in her letters to her children and to others. Her husband, Patrick Griffin, was an easy-going, cheerful, home-loving man, with a tendency to oddity and humor. This couple had many children; and one of the younger was Gerald, who was born in the city of Limerick, Dec. 12, 1803. It will be seen that he inherited from his parents the finely tempered and richly mixed nature, which is the soil of genius. Gerald received a portion of his childish instruction from an odd sort of pedagogue in Limerick, named Mac Eligot.

"My mother," writes the biographer, "went to the school with the boys on the first day of their entrance. 'Mr. Mac Eligot,' said she, 'you will oblige me very much by paying particular attention to the boys' pronunciation, and making them perfect in their reading.' He looked at her with astonishment. 'Madam,' said he, abruptly, 'you had better take your children home: I can have nothing to do with them.' She expressed some surprise. 'Perhaps, Mrs. Griffin,' said he, after a pause, 'you are not aware that there are only three persons in Ireland who know how to read.'—'Three?' said she. 'Yes, madam, there are only three,—the Bishop of Killaloe, the Earl of Clare, and your humble servant. Reading, madam, is a natural gift, not an acquirement. If you choose to expect impossibilities, you had better take your children home.'"

This man was a true philosopher of the Dogberry order: "To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature." An amusing anecdote is told of another teacher of Gerald's. "Mr. Donovan," said one of the scholars, "how ought a person to pronounce the letter *i* in Latin?"—"*If you intend to become a priest, Dick,*" said the master, in reply, "you may as well call it *ee*; but, if not, you may call it *ee* or *i*,—just as you fancy."

One way and another, at home and in school, Gerald acquired a respectable education, including, if not a scholarly, at least, a gentlemanly knowledge of classical literature.

Owing to the removal of the family from the city, the youthful lot of Gerald was to live among the lovely scenes of the country near it, along the banks of the magnificent Shannon. By the influence of these on his senses and his fancy, by meditation and self-communion in the solitude of fields and woods, or in the solemn stillness of grand old ruins, he had the training which was best suited to his character and genius. The influences on his mind, of natural beauty and of ancient traditions, may be traced in all his writings, both of poetry and of prose. He had equally a passion for nature and a passion for the past. Earth, air, water, skies, suns, stars, "the dread magnificence of heaven," held over him a genial sway: so did the olden times of an olden race by myth, legend, and heroic story. And this spirit of nature and of the past did not fail him, even in the gloomy bareness of a London garret: even there the divine vision of God's works was present to his imagination; and songs of national inspiration came in sweet, sad music to his heart. Gerald, while very young, began to understand his proper mental destiny, though he lived to lament that he had ever given way to it. He would not be a doctor, but a poet; and so, while yet a mere boy, he set about composing tragedies, ballads, songs, tales, and sonnets.

The elder Mr. Griffin, though a worthy and industrious man, did not prosper in the business of a brewer in Limerick; nor does it appear that success attended his exertions in other occupations. Accordingly, he, his wife, and a portion of their family, emigrated to America, about the year 1820, and settled in the county of Susquehanna, Penn., some hundred and forty miles from the city of New York. Gerald was left to the care of an elder brother, a physician, living and practising at a short distance from Limerick. He first began in Limerick his literary career by fugitive contributions to a newspaper, and, for a short time, undertook vicariously its editorship. In Limerick also he first made the acquaintance of Mr. Banim, afterwards celebrated as author of the "Tales of the O'Hara Family." But this local and provincial sphere Griffin felt to be too narrow for his talents and ambition: so, a few weeks

before the close of his twentieth year, he found himself in London, without friends, with little money, but with much confidence. He had a manuscript tragedy which was to lay the foundation of his fame and fortune; and, when *that* was firmly laid, he formed the heroic resolution to reform the stage, and, artistically as well as morally, to bring about a revolution in the opera. We heard lately of a zealous Christian who enthusiastically declared, that, when he should go to the other world, his determination was to labor to elevate souls to *his own level*. We did not learn what he thought that level was to be; but, whatever he anticipated concerning it, the spiritual Quixotism of his infinite, eternal, and ghostly mission was not wilder or bolder than the intellectual and æsthetic Quixotism of poor Gerald, when he determined to raise the drama and the opera of London to his own level. We have no means of judging what the success of the good man alluded to may be in the other world; but we have Gerald's own honest and laughable confession of the folly and the failure in this world of his noble and disinterested plan. We say nothing on the modesty or humility of either of these self-constituted reformers. We only trust that our philanthropist of the next world may not have to be so lamentably disappointed as Gerald was in the stony-hearted world of London. Though Gerald conquered at last in a struggle which was all but fatal, he suffered in London miseries that are almost incredible. To this struggle we shall again return.

It is a circumstance worthy of mention, that Banim and Griffin, strictly members outwardly of the Roman-Catholic Church, began at one time to doubt the truth of Christianity. Both, on studying the works of Paley, were not only confirmed in the faith of Christianity, but became inwardly more devoted Catholics. We do not attempt to account for this, which to some may seem a paradox. We allude to it, in order to make a simple remark. It has been the fashion of late to stigmatize Paley as merely a utilitarian sensationalist and worldling; but we think that many have gained moral and political insight from his works, which they could never otherwise have gained. Our own philosophy, intellectual and ethical, is

almost the opposite, in its principles, to that of Paley; but we honor the man who did, for the progress of civil and religious liberty of his own day, a manly work; who did it, too, in a manly way, and in most manly English.

After Gerald Griffin had stamped his name in English literature, he alternated for a while between Ireland and London; took a tour in Scotland, of which he kept an interesting journal, and then returned home for life: but that was not for long. Only a brief period lay now between him and the grave. When he had attained to fame, and was surely on the way to wealth, he at once and for ever turned from the literary life in which he had so determinedly fought and so bravely conquered. He became a monk among the Christian Brothers, —an order dedicated to the education of the poor,—a vocation which, so long as life was left him, he fulfilled with exemplary goodness and wisdom. This was not long. He died in the monastery of the Christian Brothers, in Cork, on the 12th of June, 1840, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. So lowly did he think of himself as to his spiritual state, that he shrank from entering into priestly orders. When he had decided to live a monastic life, he regretted all the years he had given to literature as wasted or worse than wasted. Had he the power, he would have exterminated works in which his genius lives for the honor of his own name and the credit of his country; also for harmless pleasure, even for the edification of countless thousands. He did destroy, before his friends could have had any suspicion of his intention, a large quantity of manuscripts which may have contained works that possibly were better and riper than any he had published. This loss to literature his brotherly biographer very naturally laments; and, if he had had any knowledge of the author's purpose, he would have done his utmost to prevent the loss.

A strangely romantic and poetic episode runs through the last ten years of Gerald Griffin's life. Gerald Griffin, like Charles Lamb, seemed to have had a special regard for the Society of Friends. He became acquainted, in Limerick, with a Mr. and Mrs. ———, who belonged to that religious body. There sprang up between the couple and the poet the

strongest mutual attachment. The feelings of the poet towards the lady, though evidently of reverential purity, were colored, nay, beautified, by the difference of sex, and amounted to an enthusiastic, an impassioned friendship. His letters to her are very numerous, very eloquent, and often very elevated. His last letter, presenting her with an old desk, on which all his literary work had been accomplished, is tender, and musical with pathos and affection. Shortly after he became a monk, she called to see him. When her name was announced, he was walking in the garden. He turned pale, hesitated, but at last, though with strong emotion, refused to see her. A form of the anecdote, which lurks in our memory, adds that, when this message of denial was given to her, she burst into tears. Some most affecting lines addressed to her were found, after his death, among his papers.

Gerald Griffin was of the very best personal appearance. The following passage, in which his brother, a physician, describes a visit to him in London, will give a more truthful and vivid impression of it than could any second-hand summary of ours:—

“On my arrival in London from Edinburgh, in the month of September, 1826, I found him occupying neatly furnished apartments in Northumberland Street, Regent’s Park. I had not seen him since he left Adare, and was struck with the change in his appearance. All color had left his cheek: he had grown very thin; and there was a sedate expression of countenance, unusual for one so young, and which, in after-years, became habitual to him. It was far from being so, however, at the time I speak of, and readily gave place to that light and lively glance of his dark eye, that cheerfulness of manner and observant humor, which, from his very infancy, had enlivened our fireside circle at home. Although so pale and thin as I have described him, his tall figure, expressive features, and his profusion of dark hair, thrown back from a fine forehead, gave an impression of a person remarkably handsome and interesting.”

Our limits confine us to this meagre outline of Griffin’s life. The full biography is written by a fraternal hand, with such affectionate and modest eloquence as to show, that the writer

was kindred in genius as well as in blood with the gifted brother of whom he wrote. To that biography we refer our readers; and we can promise them all the interest which the struggles of a heroic literary experience, admirably recorded, can impart.

We now offer some observations on Gerald Griffin's character, personal and literary. We do this, because we conceive that some peculiarities in his character tended to increase his difficulties in London, as these difficulties, in turn, tended to bring out his character, and help us to understand it.

He was, in the first place, of a very reserved temper with strangers. The English were wholly strange to him; and, of all English, Londoners would be, to a temper such as this, most forbidding: yet Gerald Griffin, while only a boy, plunged into the crowded wilderness of London. And this reserve would, at that period (1823), be rendered colder, more cautious, more sensitive, by the consciousness, that, as a Roman-Catholic Irishman, his position would be regarded, politically and socially, as one of inferiority. Whatever embarrasses ourselves embarrasses also those with whom we come into contact. Whatever tends to keep us apart from others tends equally to keep them apart from us, and the distance is thus doubled. The reserved temper of Griffin, together with his inexperience of the world, and particularly his ignorance of English character, would, as we have said, naturally increase all his difficulties in London. It was not likely that such a youth would easily or readily conciliate publishers or managers, who, though often servile to the successful, are as often haughty to the untried, and account their independence impudence. Gerald wanted that pushing manner which has a certain vulgar power in it, that frequently carries mediocrity into notice, into a gainful notoriety, and a "Brummagem" popularity. Neither had he that jovial buoyancy, which, by a joke, story, or a laugh, sometimes wins favor from the most selfish or the most worldly. Courteous, amiable, and by nature gay and cheerful as Gerald was, he was, notwithstanding the amount of humor that was in his genius, no laugher-at-large, and, in his own person, no laugh-maker.

A great force of purpose gave his character a tendency to austerity; but his stoicism was one of high principle, the instinct of personal dignity softened by Christian feeling and by gentlemanly grace.

This independent personality in Gerald Griffin, which might, as we have supposed, embarrass his intercourse with strangers, did so, as we are informed, with friends. He kept his relatives in Ireland ignorant of his condition; and he did not inform those in America of his troubles, until he was well over them. Not that he kept silent either. On the contrary, like poor Chatterton, when his wretchedness was darkest, he was writing the most hopeful letters. In these dismal circumstances, he refused the generous offer of pecuniary assistance from Mr. Banim, a fellow-countryman, a fellow-Catholic, a fellow-author, and a most intimate friend. A kind acquaintance of Griffin's, with whom he used to dine frequently, was obliged, by difficulties in business, to reside within what are called "The Rules,"—a space of sanctuary allowed by the court of Queen's Bench to a certain class of debtors. This affectionate friend, at the risk of close imprisonment and heavy penalties, ventured to pass the forbidden bounds, and, sheltered by darkness, made his way to Gerald's obscure lodgings. He found him there, past midnight, hard at work: he had not a single shilling left, and for three days he had not tasted food. "Good God!" said the friend, "why did you not come to see me?"—"Oh!" said Gerald, quietly, "you would not have me throw myself upon a man who was himself in prison." The friend, however, saw that he had immediately all that his condition required. While Griffin was thus starving, he was obliged to refuse invitations to luxurious dinners, and the society of cultivated minds, because his clothes were ragged: for the same reason, he had to skulk out of nights, in order to take some exercise, and breathe fresh air. The letter in which he afterwards describes these sufferings to his mother is one of the most pathetic compositions to be found in the personal histories of men of letters. These sufferings from bodily want, exhausting toil, and an overtaxed mind, brought on a dangerous illness,—nervous debility, and irregular action of

the heart. It was only a sudden visit of his medical brother that saved his life; but, from the results of this illness, he never entirely recovered.

Stoic though Gerald Griffin was, he did not neglect to seek the aid of such influence as a high-minded man might honorably accept; but disappointment, disgust, and failure were all that his exertions brought him: at least, they brought him no such success as would compensate for the pain and labor of making them. So he determined to stand upon his own talents. If *they* were not sufficient to maintain his claims, then his claims had no real foundation. "It is odd; but I have never been successful, except where I depended entirely on my own exertions." If these should not sustain him, he resolved to abandon the struggle. He did not abandon the struggle, but persevered with courage and determination. There was no giving-in. "That horrid word 'failure,'" he exclaims. "No: death first!" He was no dreamer or visionary, but a hard and honest worker. No man within a given time wrote more than Griffin, or more variously: he was ready to do any reputable work which was given him to do, and to do it well. He had the most elevated ideas of literature, both as an art and as a profession, as he had also of the dignity and duties of a literary man; it was genuine elevation, and modest because genuine; it was not the assumption of puffed-up self-conceit, or the pomposity of flattered vanity. In Griffin's view, it was noble to do work which it was honest and of good report to do; and therefore he never shrank from the humblest tasks, when higher ones came not in his way. He never failed in confidence; but it was confidence founded in strength,—the strength of Christian patience, of conscious genius, of a firm will, of a determination not to be conquered; and, after much tribulation, he won no inglorious victory.

Perhaps no adventurer of letters ever endured more hardships in the same length of time, in London, than Gerald Griffin did, and endured them with less moral injury to his personal or literary character. Griffin seems to have escaped all the hurtful influences which pain, want, and uncertainty so often and so fatally have upon character. He kept himself

free of all meanness, all coarseness, from low companionships, from degrading and degraded habits, and came out of the trial a young man with his home-born purity unsullied, a Christian with his faith more confirmed, a gentleman unharmed in his honor or refinement, and a writer who won success and the public by his own independent genius, bearing his triumph with true and graceful modesty. When we call to mind how many able, brilliant, and even amiable men the literary life in London has morally prostrated or destroyed, we cannot but give high praise to Griffin, that he did not yield to temptations before which strong men have fallen.

It would be interesting to compare fully Griffin's experience in London with that of other literary adventurers who had tried their fortune there before him; but we must resist the allurements. Johnson would come first to mind. Griffin, as a youth, had the same courage which Johnson showed at maturity: he held the literary vocation in as high esteem, and followed it with the same affection and devotedness. Like Goldsmith, he eschewed patrons, and hoped for nothing but from the public and the publishers. He had not the open, easy, careless good-nature of Goldsmith; but neither had he his imprudence and improvidence. He had a regard for his personal dignity, in which Goldsmith was deficient; and he took care, as Goldsmith did not, to guard this dignity. Savage, Chatterton, and Dermody may suggest themselves to many: but Savage was a charlatan; Chatterton was a man of genius by the gift of God, but chose to become an impostor by the instigation of the Devil, and preferred infamy to fame. He "perished in his prime" by a double suicide; first, the suicide of his inner life, and, secondly, the suicide of his outward life. Dermody was only a clever sot; a pot-house poet. To none of these has Griffin any moral relation: to Chatterton, he was mentally related in the early unfolding of striking talents, and incidentally in having come near to the chasm of despair, into which Chatterton, being void of faith, took the fatal leap. The biographer of Gerald Griffin compares his literary character with that of Crabbe, to the disadvantage of Crabbe. The remarks about Crabbe we regard as hardly just or generous.

Besides, they are unnecessary; for there is no need that we should accuse Crabbe of servility, in order that we should glorify Griffin for independence. Both were true men, and neither in worth nor fame does one stand in the other's way.

Does it not seem, however, as if the desperate struggles of such remarkable persons would be a warning and a terror to indigent young men against literary ambition; at least, against their plunging themselves with blind impetuosity into the dark whirlpools of mighty cities? But these young men see, in the lottery of the game of literary ambition, only the winners and the prizes. They think not of the losers or of the lost. Lucian we believe it is who tells us of a sailor, that, having escaped from shipwreck, went into the temple of Neptune to make a votive offering. "Some individuals," said the priest, "seem to scoff at the power of Neptune; but look around, and behold the numerous tributes of those whom he has saved."—"But where," asked the sailor, "are those whom he has drowned?" And so, if some, after London misery, have reached the glory of literary reward, what conception can we form of the wretchedness of the obscure thousands, who sank into its gloomy depths never to be heard of more?—many, indeed, self-deluded; many vain, ignorant, and presumptuous; but also many of as true genius as those who succeeded. Might not one suppose, that, before entering such a career, a young man would say to himself, "Where will it end?" And, end where it may, does the gain bear any proportion to the risk, while the chances of loss are incalculable; and loss itself is often deadly? Have not men, too, who gained all that genius could desire, confessed at last, that, in substance, experience was much the same in literary life as it is in common life? Never was there a man more covetous of literary distinction than Gerald Griffin; and yet, before he had reached half-way to the eminence it was in his power to attain, he wearied of the aspiration which had carried him so far. Notwithstanding, the charm will work; and, in order that some may rise into the open day of fame, thousands sink into the thick night of poverty and despair.

But is it not so in all nature? The whole of life is risk;

but risk does not therefore paralyze life ; because, through life, hope ever goes along with danger. If danger deterred from action, the world would soon be at an end ; it would have no armies, no navies, no commerce, no travel, no explorings of sea or land ; it would cease even to be peopled, for men would not run the risk of establishing and supporting homes, or women that of marriage and child-bearing. If Jove's brain travailed with Minerva, if the mountain labored, as fable tells us, with a mouse, so will brains, till the end of time, palpitate with literary gestation, whether the result of parturition be wisdom or folly, mice or Minervas.

We proceed to some remarks on Gerald Griffin's genius and writings.

Griffin was certainly a man of genius ; a man having a certain inborn aptitude, which is not the result of education and industry. This sets him who has it apart, not only from ordinary, but also from merely able men. For the mysterious something wherein this difference lies, we have no other name than genius ; and, though it cannot be formally defined or explained, its presence in any product of mind is recognized with unfailing certainty. It became active in Griffin while he was very young : indeed, when Griffin gave up literature, he was still young, so that Griffin was always a young author ; and yet we might say that he was always a ripe one. From the first, he displayed a certain masculine vigor altogether different from the feebleness which sometimes characterizes the compositions of young writers, who afterwards become remarkable for their strength. The early power of Griffin we see in the fact, that his tragedy of "Gysippus" was written in his twentieth year ; his romance of "The Collegians," in his twenty-fifth. He had an inventive and bold imagination : to this his power and variety in the creation of character bear witness. He had great fulness of sensibility and fancy, as we observe in the picturesqueness of his style, and in his wealth of imagery. He delighted in outward nature, and is a fine describer of it ; but, like Sir Walter Scott, he never describes for the sake of description, but always in connection with human interest and incident. He excels in the

pathetic: but it is in passion that he has most power; strong natural passion, and such as it is in those individuals in whom it is strongest and most natural,—individuals in the middle and lower ranks of life, especially in the middle and lower ranks of Irish life. It was in these ranks and in Irish life that Griffin found the spirit and the substance of his characters. He was a rapid and productive writer, and as much at home in criticising as in creating. He passionately loved music, and by instinct, taste, and knowledge, was an excellent critic of it, as he was also of literature. His genius, too, was of the most refined moral purity, without sermonizing or cant; and when we reflect that guilt and sin and passion, low characters, vulgar life, and broad humor, are so constantly the subjects with which it is concerned, this purity is no less remarkable than it is admirable. Every such case elevates literature, and makes it the source of a new pleasure; for it practically proves that the utmost freedom of genius may be exercised without offending the most rigid or alarming the most sensitive.

The poems of Gerald Griffin fill one large thick volume of his works. Besides the tragedy of "Gysippus," they consist mostly of lyrical pieces gathered out of his several fictions through which they are interspersed. They are characterized by sweetness, feeling, and fancy. We regard Griffin's lyrics as his best poems, and his simple songs as his best lyrics. We think that, had he chosen to write "*Songs of Ireland*" and "*Songs for Ireland*," though he might never have attained the indescribable refinement of Moore, his songs would have had in them more music of the heart, and more homely nationality. Many of Griffin's songs have been popular; often sung, and often quoted,—such as, "O Times, Old Times;" "A place in thy Memory, dearest;" "My Mary of the Curling Hair;" "Gilli-Ma-Chree;" and others. Here is a song which we venture to quote; and, in spite of its Irish phrases, the most English ear cannot be dead to the spirit of its beauty. It is pathetic and original: it does for the bride's young life what "John Anderson, my Jo" does for the wifely faith of age: it breathes the unsensual and unselfish affection of

woman's heart. Love is usually celebrated in song for passion and for youth: Burns celebrates it for purity and old age. In the one case, love looks to the future; in the other, it looks to the past: so, usually, the bride is made joyful in giving her life to her husband; in Griffin's song, she is made sad in separating it from that of her old parents. The thought is good and true and natural,—more exquisite even than that of Burns; for in his there is no future: but, in Griffin's, the hope of the future is for a time lost in the dutiful feelings of the past:—

I.

The mie-na-mallah * now is past,
 O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru! †
 And I must leave my home at last,
 O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!
 I look into my father's eyes,
 I hear my mother's parting sighs, —
 Ah! to pine for other ties:
 O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!

II.

This evening they must sit alone,
 O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!
 They'll talk of me when I am gone,
 O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!
 Who will cheer my weary sire,
 When toil and care his heart shall tire?
 My chair is empty by the fire:
 O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!

III.

How sunny looks my pleasant home!
 O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!
 Those flowers for me shall never bloom,
 O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!
 I seek new friends, and I am told
 That they are rich in land and gold!
 Ah! will they love me like the old?
 O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!

* Honeymoon.

† Similar to the English phrase, "Ah, the pity of it!"

IV.

Farewell, dear friends, we meet no more,
 O wirra-sthru ! O wirra-sthru !
 My husband's horse is at the door,
 O wirra-sthru ! O wirra-sthru !
 Ah, love ! ah, love ! be kind to me ;
 For, by this breaking heart, you see
 How dearly I have purchased thee !
 O wirra-sthru ! O wirra-sthru !

Here is a lyric — The Bridal Wake — of so weird a pathos
 as to remind one of Bürger's genius.

I.

The priest stood at the marriage board,
 The marriage cake was made,
 With meat the marriage chest was stored,
 Decked was the marriage bed.
 The old man sat beside the fire,
 The mother sat by him,
 The white bride was in gay attire ;
 But her dark eye was dim.
 Ululah ! Ululah !
 The night falls quick, the sun is set :
 Her love is on the water yet.

II.

I saw a red cloud in the west,
 Against the morning light :
 Heaven shield the youth that she loves best
 From evil chance to-night !
 The door flings wide ; loud moans the gale ;
 Wild fear her bosom fills ;
 It is, it is the Banshee's wail
 Over the darkened hills !
 Ululah ! Ululah !
 The day is past ! the night is dark !
 The waves are mounting round his bark !

III.

The guests sit round the bridal bed,
 And break the bridal cake ;
 But they sit by the dead man's head,
 And hold his wedding wake.

The bride is praying in her room,
 The place is silent all! —
 A fearful call! a sudden doom!
 Bridal and funeral!
 Ululah! Ululah!
 A youth to Kilfieheras' * ta'en
 That never will return again.

To show how early and how vigorously the poetic faculty became active in Gerald Griffin, we quote the following sonnet, written when he was but seventeen, and also to show how profoundly his mind was inspired with religious thought: —

“ I looked upon the dark and sullen sea
 Over whose slumbering wave the night's mists hung,
 Till from the morn's gray breast a fresh wind sprung,
 And sought its brightening bosom joyously :
 Then fled the mists its quickening breath before ;
 The glad sea rose to meet it ; and each wave,
 Retiring from the sweet caress it gave,
 Made summer-music to the listening shore.
 So slept my soul, unmindful of thy reign ;
 But the sweet breath of thy celestial grace
 Hath risen. Oh ! let its quickening spirit chase
 From that dark seat, each mist and secret stain,
 Till, as in yon clear water, mirrored fair,
 Heaven sees its own calm hues reflected there.”

Some two years after the author's death, “ *Gysippus* ” was performed in Drury-lane Theatre, and was received with great applause, — Macready acting the principal character. We have no room for criticism: a few general words only can we afford. As a poem, this play has been much admired; and it deserves admiration. We admire it much ourselves for its generous and elevated sentiments, its dramatic style, with its absence of long and formal speeches, with its dialogue, sharp, natural, and rapid. We admire many of the situations and incidents as striking and pathetic; still, as a whole, we do not think that it reaches those depths and mysteries of life and passion, which it is the province of great tragedy to

* The name of a churchyard.

fathom and reveal. But, then, it is the tragedy of a boy; and who can tell what the boy might have become, had he devoted his manhood to compositions for the stage? As the fact stands, we have Gerald Griffin's fullest power in his prose fictions.

Gerald Griffin is a delightful story-teller. The merest matters of fact and the wildest legends are alike at his command; and he tells with the same ease and the same fascinating interest a story of ghosts, fairies, witchcraft, or a story of guilt, grief, passion. His stories are of great variety; but they are all characteristically Irish; and Ireland has no need to be ashamed of them. The *spirit* of them is national; but the genius in them is individual: Gerald Griffin's own mark is on them. Nor are they mere copies—as Crofton Croker's are—of fireside stories which the people used to tell among themselves, and tell them, too, much better than Croker has told them. We are hardly surprised at Griffin's vexation when finding himself placed by a writer in the "Literary Gazette" by the side of Crofton Croker. "Only think," he exclaims, "only think of being compared with Crofton Croker!"

Griffin's stories consist of three series,—“Holland-tide Tales,” “Tales of the Munster Festivals,” and “Tales of the Jury-room.” “The Holland-tide Tales” are supposed to be told by a group of persons met together for the sports of that evening; those of the jury-room, by jurymen who cannot agree upon a verdict, and who pass the night pleasantly, after a smuggled supper and mountain-dew, in telling stories. There is no attempt at connecting the two stories in the volume which bears the title of “Tales of the Munster Festivals.” In the Holland-tide series, “The Barber of Bantry” is a very exciting story of circumstantial evidence. A number of events conspire to prove the barber to have been the murderer of a man, who, with a large sum of money, took refuge in his house in a dark and stormy night, and who was never seen again. After many years, the barber is arrested on what seem to be infallible proofs of his guilt.

“It will surprise you, Mr. Magistrate,” he says on his examination, “to learn that, notwithstanding all this weight of circumstance, I am not guilty of the offence with which you charge me. When I

have proved my innocence, as I shall do, my case will furnish a strong instance of the fallibility of any evidence that is indirect in a case where human life is interested. All the circumstances are true, — my extreme necessity; his midnight visit to my house; his disappearance on that night, accompanied with signs of violence; my subsequent increase of wealth; and the seeming revelation of my waking dream: and yet I am not guilty of this crime. If you will have patience to listen, I will tell you how far my guilt extended and where it stopped."

He then shows satisfactorily that he had nothing to do with the murder. The danger of capital conviction against innocent men seems to have painfully affected Griffin's mind. The impression was perhaps natural amidst the social circumstances of Ireland, where disturbance and discontent have been so permanent, and where the administration of law has been often so hasty, so partial, and so passionate; where, as Lord Chancellor Redesdale averred, there was one law for the rich, and another for the poor. This state of things Griffin has illustrated in a story called "The Prophecy." — "Tracy's Ambition," in "Tales of the Munster Festivals," is a powerful and impassioned narrative: it displays sharp insight into human nature and motives, and admirably exposes mean and base character and conduct. Family pride is a frequent topic with Griffin, and a peculiarly Irish form of it; in which a scoundrel glories in the contempt that his aristocratic relatives lavish on him. There is a character of this kind in "The Half-Sir," and another in "The Rivals." "DRINK, MY BROTHER, DRINK," in the "Tales of the Jury-room," is a wild story of crime and passion, solemn, terrible, and pathetic.

Gerald Griffin was the author of three romances, — "The Collegians," "The Duke of Monmouth," and "The Invasion." It is, however, "The Collegians" that has made Griffin most widely popular, and upon which it is likely that his fame will permanently rest.

This romance is founded on a real occurrence, the murder of a young girl, Ellen Hanlon, by her seducer, John Scanlan, a member of a respectable family, and his servant, Stephen Sullivan. The servant was the actual butcher; but it was at

the imperative command of his master: and, in his confession before execution, he revealed an incident, a most affecting incident, which proved that humanity was not quite so dead in the servant as it was in the master. Scanlan sent Sullivan out in a boat with the girl to a desert place, some distance below the city of Limerick, where the Shannon is broad and drearily lonely. Sullivan carried with him a musket, a rope, and probably a stone: with the musket he was to batter his victim to death, and with the rope and stone to sink her corpse in the middle of the river. "The master remained upon the strand. After the interval of an hour, the boat returned, bearing back Ellen Hanlon unharmed. 'I thought I had made up my mind,' said the ruffian in his penitential declaration: 'I was just lifting the musket to dash her brains out; *but, when I looked in her innocent face, I had not the heart to do it.*' This excuse made no impression on the merciless master." The master, having plied Sullivan with whiskey, sent him forth again; and this time the bloody work was finished. By a most surprising chain of circumstances, the guilty pair were connected with their crime; and Griffin, who so strongly objects to such kind of evidence, yet founds his story on it. The execution of Scanlan was attended with most painful and tragic circumstances. To the last moment, Scanlan denied his guilt; but, had there remained the slightest doubt, Sullivan's subsequent confession must have effectually removed it. The whole case is eloquently narrated in "Sheil's Sketches of the Irish Bar," published some years ago in New York, amply annotated by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. Enough of the narrative to explain the story is given in an appendix to "The Collegians," in Sadlier's edition. We had nearly forgotten to mention that O'Connell was Scanlan's counsel. He says that he knocked up the principal witness against him. "But all would not do; there were proofs enough besides to convict him."

Of course, the real facts and personages are imaginatively colored in the romance. Hardress Cregan is a very modified John Scanlan, and Eily O'Connor is an idealized and purified representative of Ellen Hanlon. In Danny Mann, the wicked-

ness of Sullivan is made more hideous by the addition of deformity. The rest of the many characters are original. As a dramatic tale of passion, we hardly know another which so quickly awakens interest, and which so intensely holds it to the end. This absorbing interest even the mechanical joinery of a playwright has not been able to weaken, in an adaptation of the story for the stage. The story has unity, action, movement; movement that like fate goes onward from the cheerful opening to the tragic close. The characters are numerous; and each, high or low, serious or comic, is a distinct individual. Hardress Cregan is very powerfully conceived, and the conception is carried out with consistency and force. High genius was required to make a man like Hardress Cregan, so inconsistent, preserve the unity of his character in the most contradictory of his inconsistencies. It was an extraordinary achievement to bring together in one individual qualities so opposite, and yet to make the union accordant with the facts of life and nature; high talents and tastes with low conduct; courage with meanness; generosity with selfishness; obstinate wilfulness with feeble purpose;—a man having the elements of strong affections, and yet perverse, capricious, and unkind; having no real object but his own indulgence; devoted for one hour, inconstant the next; holding in jealous esteem the demands of honor, yet violating the simplest principles of honesty, truth, friendship, and humanity, until, at last, given over to a reprobate sense, dark with a self-blinded conscience in his moral life, he becomes villain enough to instigate his obedient slave to inflict cruel death on his loving and confiding victim; then he is cowardly enough basely to deny his share in the horrible consummation. In this powerfully conceived character we see the havoc which passion, severed from the divine part of humanity, and moved by the sensual self, can work in the whole moral nature of an individual, and what misery and ruin it can bring on all that have any intimate relations with him. The utter wretchedness of Hardress Cregan's mind, as he approaches the crisis of his fate; his fitful, violent changes of mood and temper, amounting almost to paroxysms, especially in his later interviews with his

mother and Ann Chute, — show how well the author, both in action and suffering, knew the elements of tragedy that lie within the human heart.

Danny Mann, the athletic hump-backed servant, is as tragic a character as his master, and as powerfully drawn. The author is true to nature and art also in his female characters. Ann Chute is a very brilliant creature; but Eily O'Connor rises into the very poetry of ideal girlhood: a sweeter, a more beautiful, a more lovable feminine character, rendered imperfect by the imprudence of the heart, it never entered into the imagination of the poet to conceive. This character, and many others in the story, give evidence that the author was as able a master of the affections as of the passions. The Daly Family, both in their joys and sorrows, might be placed beside the "Primrose Family." They give occasion to very touching pictures of domestic life. The Cregan Family, however, consists of characters that are more individual, more striking, and more original. The comic characters are all very amusing in their humor, and very Irish. To point out the number of brilliant descriptions, and of impressive scenes scattered through the romance, would alone require an article longer than this. The scene of the dying huntsman, who, in giving the last "halloo" at the command of his drunken master, and at the desire of his drunken guests, gasps forth his soul, is truly fearful, and borders on the horrible: so is the chasing and cutting of Danny Mann by the intoxicated squires. But the author wished to illustrate the coarse manners of the time; and, for that purpose, he puts back the period of the romance beyond the date of the real transaction on which it was founded. The closing interviews of Har dress with his mother are dismal and affecting, and the night-scene with Danny Mann in prison is both solemn and terrible. One scene previously in the story, in which Har dress, drunk himself, makes Danny drunk also, when both are caught by Ann Chute in their maudlin frolics, has a Hogarthian force. He whom the interview of Eily with her uncle, the priest, shortly before her murder, will not melt to pity, would read all Shakspeare without a sigh, and must be poor indeed in moral as well as imaginative destitution.

No one can fail to admire the skill by which so extraordinary a variety of materials as there is in this romance is fused into a complete whole, and how every scene, character, and description, incident, falls necessarily into the drama of the story, — falls into it in the right time and place, and contributes each a needful share to the plot and to the catastrophe.

Still we might make objections; we were not critics, if we could not; but ours shall be short and few. We might adduce instances of melodramatic exaggeration; but allowance must be made for Gerald Griffin's youth. We think that Ann Chute's saying to her lover a few days before she is to be married to him, "What a dreadful death hanging must be!" is an instance of this kind. Though ignorant that Hardress, at the moment, was in mortal fear of such a death, the saying is coarse from a lady, and rather weakens the force of tragic impression. Many years ago, on first reading the romance, we thought the saying coarse; and now we learn from the published correspondence in the biography, that Gerald's sister found fault with something unladylike in Ann Chute's character; and we believe she must have had this expression in her mind. We could point out other inconsistencies in Ann's character. We object to the catastrophe. We cannot agree that Hardress should get off with transportation, and respectably die of consumption at the end of the passage, while Danny Mann, the less guilty culprit, is left for the gallows. But Gerald says in a letter, "*If I hang him*, the public will never forgive me." We regard this as a mistake, except, perhaps, in reference to the public of sentimental young ladies. John Scanlan was hanged in fact, and so should his representative, Hardress Cregan, have been hanged in fiction: then poetical justice and practical justice would have corresponded. The real execution, moreover, of Scanlan, was attended with strange and melancholy circumstances, that made it solemnly dramatic; besides, the discrepancy between the fiction and the fact weakens the catastrophe and injures the illusion.

This extraordinary romance, so dramatic, so full of life, so crowded with characters, — this romance, that opens the inmost chambers of the human heart, and sounds the depths of

conscience and the passions, — had been written, as we have mentioned, before the author completed his twenty-fifth year. He began to print when he had only a volume and a half ready: the printers overtook him in the middle of the third volume. It was then a race from day to day between him and them to the end; and this hastily written last moiety of the third volume is the finest portion of the book.

We have, in the course of this article, commended the moral spirit of Gerald Griffin's writings. Our commendation is deserved, and with pleasure we declare it. How often has one to lament that he is compelled to admire grand intellectual power, which only lowers or disheartens him, darkens his spirit, or constrains his sympathies! A sure test, it has been often said, as to the good influence of a writer, is, that, when we lay aside his book, we feel better in ourselves, and think better of others: this test, we believe, Gerald Griffin can safely stand.

ART. III. — PROBLEMS IN LANGUAGE AND MYTHOLOGY.

Lectures on the Science of Language, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in February, March, April, and May, 1862. By MAX MÜLLER, M.A. Second Series. New York. 1865.

THE Science of Language is the latest born of the sciences. Though philosophers, from Heraclitus to Horne Tooke, have meditated over the problems of human speech, or have investigated its varied phenomena, their theories have been destitute alike of scientific precision and of methodical purpose. Their speculations, however ingenious, have resembled the groping of men in the dark, rather than the sure advance of those who walk in the illumined paths of established truth. And the huge, disorganized body of facts amassed by them, though an indispensable basis for safe generalization, stood, nevertheless, in the same relation to the Science of Language

which the isolated discoveries of mediæval alchemists bore to the Science of Chemistry. The scientific treatment of the phenomena of language began with the establishment of the Aryan family of dialects by Schlegel and Bopp. Half a century has scarcely passed away since that great achievement, yet this brief period has witnessed the most splendid victories of the new science,—the systematic decipherment of inscriptions by Burnouf, Lassen, and Rawlinson; the discovery of the real nature of terminations by Bopp, Humboldt, and Garnett; and the morphological classification of languages by Max Müller. In the powerful hands of Mommsen and Donaldson, the weapons of Philology have forced the gates of the hitherto invulnerable castle of primeval history; while the same science has furnished Grimm and Bréal with the key to unlock the mystic chambers wherein have lain hidden, for ages, the secrets of ancient mythology and religion. At the same time, the exploration of languages has gone on with ever-increasing rapidity; and each year a fresh accumulation of facts forms a basis for the erection of new theories, or affords a means of verification for those which have already been constructed. So that, in spite of its youth and its imperfections, the Science of Language may be seen to offer a scope for mental labor, and opportunities for mental achievement, equal in extent and richness to those yielded by its older sisters, Astronomy, Chemistry, and Geology.

Among those scholars whose labors have contributed to impart a scientific character to the study of words, one of the most eminent is Max Müller. His “History of Sanskrit Literature,” and his excellent edition of the “Rig-Veda,” have laid the world under obligations to him; but, apart from this, it must never be forgotten that it is to him we owe a rational method for classifying all possible languages. His method of classification, founded on the degree of coalescence between roots and their terminations, has opened a new era in philological studies. By means of this method, we are now enabled, almost on inspection, to classify any language whatever. For, given roots and terminations as the sole constituent parts of words, there are but three ways in which it is possible for

them to be joined together. Either the root and the termination may be simply juxtaposed, each retaining its own separate life, as is the case in Chinese; or one of them, losing its individuality, may become the adjunct of the other, as is seen in the Turanian dialects; or both, becoming incapable of separate existence, may be fused into one organic whole, which holds true of the languages classed as Aryan and Semitic. And, since every language must consist of roots (predicative roots) and terminations (demonstrative roots), and can admit no other element, it follows that every language must, in respect to the degree of coalescence of these two elements, be ranked in one of the three above-mentioned classes. By this discovery, Müller has done for Philology that which Kepler did for Astronomy. It only remains to consider the three classes of languages as representing three distinct phases of dialectic evolution; and this luminous principle not only shows us the way to the law of linguistic growth, but it guides us back to the infancy of human speech, and enables us to discern the character of the earliest language used by men.

Müller's method of classification is amply elucidated in the first series of his lectures. In the volume now before us, he proceeds to discuss some other problems connected with the science. The first six lectures treat of etymology,—the origin and formation of "the sounds in which language is clothed," and "the laws which determine their growth and decay." The six remaining lectures deal with "what may be called the soul, or the inside of language; examining the first conceptions that claimed utterance, their combinations and ramifications, their growth, their decay, and their resuscitation." This investigation includes the inquiry "into some of the fundamental principles of Mythology, both ancient and modern," and the determination of the sway which language exercises over thought.

Not without a protest, however, does Müller allow himself to make such a division of a subject which is in reality one and inseparable. His opinion that the sound and the thought, the body and the soul, of language are incapable of being disjoined, and are inconceivable except as united,

is clearly and fully expressed. "Without speech, no reason; without reason, no speech," is the motto upon which, with Schelling and Hegel, he rightly insists, as being the indispensable axiom of linguistic science. We have not space here to examine the objections urged by Brown and Locke to this doctrine, which, in our opinion, are sufficiently disposed of in the work. But, although language and reason are logically inseparable, though the Polynesians are not incorrect in characterizing thinking as "speaking in the stomach," the privilege is still claimed of separating the two in discussion; just as in geometry, for ease of treatment, we consider breadth apart from thickness.

The doctrine that language and thought are inseparable, precludes the possibility of our entertaining the old notion, that speech was invented, like the cotton-gin or the art of printing; that nouns, verbs, and prepositions were voted upon by an assembly of primeval Bopps, and by them adopted as vehicles for thought. This exploded hypothesis postulates for the first human inhabitants of our planet that power of self-conscious reflection which is only possible at an advanced stage of civilization. It was necessary for men to think and speak for centuries, before thought and speech could become subjects for their consideration. But though to suppose that language was ever thus invented is absurd, it does not follow that it would now be impossible to construct a language capable of satisfying, to some extent, the needs of thought. The idea of a universal language which should answer the requirements of science, and which should enable philosophers of all nations to communicate with facility, was favorably entertained by no less a man than Leibnitz. And the project of constructing such a language, advocated as it was by such transcendent authority, was carried out at some length by Bishop Wilkins, in 1668, in a curious work entitled, "The Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language." The manner in which Wilkins proceeds to create his language is detailed by Müller in a passage of great interest. That he succeeded in producing a new language fit to express a vast number of ideas, and endowed with some flexi-

bility, cannot be denied. That there never could be the slightest advantage in using such a dialect, in preference to those which have grown with the growth of humanity, will become evident from the following considerations. All names originally denoted some prominent attribute of the thing named. Thus, the *moon* is the *measurer*, *luna* is the *shiner*, *stellæ* = *sterulæ* (Sanskrit *staras*, from *stri*, to strew) are the *strewers* of light, *wheat* is the *white* plant, *πρόβατα* are the *forward walkers*, *meubles* are things which are *movable*, and *table* is that which *stands*. These few examples are enough to show that the attributes unconsciously selected by the early framers of language were such as to appeal to the fancy rather than to the judgment. The first speakers were not philosophers, but poets. The name *white* plant was the ticket appended to *wheat* while it was yet before the tribunal of imagination, before it had passed on to be tried in the higher court of reason. With the growth of experience and knowledge, these primitive names have come by association to connote deeper attributes than those first denoted by them, until the connotations have, in most cases, thrust the original meaning from the mind. We no longer think of wheat as the *white* plant, but as a cereal; we do not class the moon among *measurers* or *shiners*, but among the secondary members of the solar system; and, to our prosaic minds, an ox is less forcibly presented as a *forward walker* than as a ruminating mammal. The peculiar advantage, then, of a philosophical language like that of Wilkins, is that it employs only names which denote the essential attributes of things; so that, the name being pronounced, the object is at once before us in its true relations to the rest of the universe. Such a language would doubtless be very convenient; but it would obviously require omniscience to construct it. As long as our knowledge of the relations of things is not absolutely perfect, our nomenclature must be imperfect, and our artificial language will require remodelling with every fresh discovery made in science. Our new names, born of modern thought, will eventually become as inadequate as those which trace their pedigree back to the dawn of human fancy. An example of this is furnished by Wilkins

himself, who classifies vegetables into trees, herbs, and shrubs; and names them accordingly. His names are therefore now no better than those which before existed; while they have this fatal defect, that, being destitute of ancestry, they do not enable us to read the primitive thoughts of mankind.

It is strange that Müller, who so ably exhibits the inefficacy of schemes like that of Wilkins, should nevertheless lend his countenance to the proposed phonetic renovation of spelling, whereby the orthography of words is to correspond with their pronunciation. The objections to an arbitrary reform in spelling are similar to those which show the uselessness of attempting to create a scientific language. Any such reform, involving, as it must, the introduction of several new characters besides the time-honored members of the alphabet, could only be accepted under the influence of an overwhelming sense of the benefits to be derived from its adoption. But these benefits would be outweighed by attendant evils; and even such as they might be in themselves could never be realized. Every language has many words which are alike to the ear, but different to the eye. *Sun* and *son*, *pair* and *pear*, *mite* and *might*, *thyme* and *time*, and in French, *ver*, *vert*, *verre*, and *vers*, are examples which occur to every one; and there are many more. Phonetic spelling would destroy the only element which differentiates these words. This would not be the worst consequence of its introduction. There are, in every word, letters which, like heraldic emblems, serve to blazon forth its origin, and to proclaim its ancient powers. How full of significance are the *gh* in *daughter*, *laughter*, *thought*, and *right*; the *g* in *deign*, *feign*, and *reign*; the *b* in *debt* and *doubt*; the *l* in *alms*! — telling us, as they do, of the Sanskrit *duhitri*; the German *lächeln*, *gedacht*, and *recht*; the Latin *rectus*, *digno*, *fingo*, *regno*, *debitum*, *dubitas*; the Greek *eleemosyna*. With the adoption of a phonetic spelling, these historic lessons would be obliterated. These are evils far outweighing any advantages which may be supposed to be derivable from a reformed orthography. Still more forcibly does this appear, when we reflect that, as pronunciation ever

changes, our new spelling would need constant alteration; or, if not altered, would become liable to the same objections which are raised against the use of that orthography which has grown up with language itself. All such schemes of arbitrarily improving language, either in its form or in its elements, are null and void in their very conception. Language is not made, but grows. It is not the creation of individual genius, but the product of the common mind of humanity.

Müller's analysis of the alphabet, and his description of the formation of sounds by the organs of the voice, are too technical to be detailed here. The analysis is ably performed. The discoveries of Ohm and Helmholtz in harmonics are applied to the genesis of vocal sounds; and combined with the physiological discoveries of Johannes Müller, and the learning furnished by the Greek grammarians and the Sanskrit *Prâtishâkhyas*, they explain the phenomena of utterance more clearly than has ever been done before. Müller divides letters, first, according as they are formed,—of vocalized breath, as is the case with vowels; of breath not vocalized, as is the case with all the breathings; or of articulate noise, as is the case with the true consonants or checks: secondly, according as they are formed with a wide opening of the *chordæ vocales*, as hard or surd letters, or with a narrow opening of the *chordæ vocales*, as soft or sonant letters: and, thirdly, according to the different places in which they are formed; "the normal places being those marked by the contact between the root of the tongue and the palate, the tip of the tongue and the teeth, and the upper and lower lips, with their various modifications."

After delineating the process whereby the alphabet is evolved, Müller goes on to point out the principal causes of phonetic change. And here he is led to speak of the process termed by him "phonetic decay," which he has treated with great fulness in his first series of lectures. It is well known that the development of Latin into French and its cognate dialects has been continuously marked by the dropping out of letters, and even of syllables; from which has

resulted a great diminution in the length of words. Such words as *mater*, *magister*, *mensis*, *dicere*, *dodecim*, *redemptio*, *spiritus*, *ecclesia*, and *salvere*, have become *mère*, *maître*, *mois*, *dire*, *douze*, *rançon*, *esprit*, *église*, and *sauver*. As Trench quaintly expresses it, "The French devours letters and syllables." But the same is true of Spanish, where *doña*, *mas*, and *creer* have come from *domina*, *magis*, and *credere*; and of Italian, where *oggi*, *vegliare*, and *verno* are the modern representatives of *hodie*, *vigilare*, and *hibernus*; and, indeed, of all modern languages as compared with ancient. So the Anglo-Saxon *hafoc*, *hlaford*, and *Eoforwic*, have become *hawk*, *lord*, and *York*. This process of syllabic concentration is by Müller termed "phonetic decay," and is explained by him as the result of muscular relaxation or "laziness." — "If the provincial of Gaul came to say *père* instead of *pater*, it was simply because he shrank from the trouble of lifting his tongue, and pushing it against his teeth. So, in English, *night* requires less expenditure of muscular energy than *nächt* or *nacht*; and hence, as people always buy in the cheapest market, *night* found more customers than the more expensive terms." This explanation is substantially true; but the censure involved in the use of the term "laziness" implies very erroneous views as to the nature of linguistic growth. We believe "phonetic decay" to be one phase of that all-pervading process whereby languages have risen, from the thin and meagre state represented by Chinese, to the fulness and variety of Sanskrit, Greek, and English. Shown at first in the blending of terminations with roots, it has continued to be manifest in the elision of superfluous letters and the contraction of cumbrous syllables. Müller himself admits that most Greek and Latin words are twice as long as they need be, and that fault cannot be found with modern nations for having simplified the labor of speaking. That economy of nervous energy which has been shown by Spencer to be the chief desideratum of style, is paralleled by the economy of nerve-force aimed at in the gradual concentration of the elements of words. Such economy can with no more propriety be termed "laziness," than buying in the cheapest market can be called "stingi-

ness." The latter habit prevents the dissipation of wealth, and the former diminishes the amount of attention necessary to be expended on mere enunciation.

Other causes of phonetic decay are indicated, which our limited space forbids our noticing. An entire lecture is devoted to the consideration of Grimm's Law, — "a law of great importance and wide application, affecting nearly the whole consonantal structure of the Aryan languages." In the course of the discussion, our author calls attention to the circumstance, that, while in Greek, *φῦλος* means oak, in Latin and Gothic the corresponding words, *fagus* and *boka*, mean beech; and he proves the phonetic identity of the English *fir* with the Latin *quercus*. Combining these scanty data with Lyell's revelations as to the succession of fir, oak, and beech periods in the primeval vegetation of Central Europe, he proceeds to construct a brilliant theory for the determination of a minimum date for the antiquity of the Aryan immigration into Europe. This minimum date is fixed at 2,000 B.C. A thorough acquaintance with Grimm's Law cannot be too strongly recommended to the student of language; for nothing is better calculated to check that reckless spirit of etymology which is even now too prevalent, and which would almost seem to justify the sarcastic remark of Voltaire, that etymology is a science where vowels signify nothing at all, and consonants very little. The most ludicrous example, in our time, of a complete disregard for phonetic laws, is the attempt of Key to derive *best* from *optumus*. *Optumus* = *opetumus* = *petumus* = *betest* = *best*, is his extraordinary formula; the initial *O* being present, as Donaldson observes, merely to furnish the astonished reader with the necessary exclamation. Such rank luxuriance of the etymological fancy would be impossible in one familiar with the fundamental laws of phonetics.

Having disposed of the problems suggested by the consideration of sounds and words, Müller goes on to treat of the origin and nature of myths. This is the most able and interesting portion of the book. Each of the last four lectures is in itself a treatise on mythology. Starting from the philo-

logical basis laid down in his essay on "Comparative Mythology," our author here elaborately illustrates the physical origin of many ancient myths. But, for the right understanding of Müller's position as a mythologist, it will be necessary to say a few words on the manner in which myths were regarded previous to the present century.

The first attempts to subject the legends of gods and heroes to a rational analysis and explanation were made in Greece. By the common people of Athens and other Greek cities, there is no doubt that the innumerable mythic stories of Zeus, Dionysos, and Herakles, were accepted as literal facts. But the philosophers soon rose to higher views. In a remarkable passage, Xenophanes avows his disbelief of the popular theology, declaring that men seem to have made the gods in their own image ;* and asserting that " God is one, the greatest among gods and men ; neither in form nor in thought like unto men." The same opinions were expressed by Heraclitus and Pythagoras. Anaxagoras, for applying an allegorical interpretation to the myths, was thrown into prison. For a similar reason, Protagoras was banished from Athens ; and Socrates, though his scepticism was rarely expressed and by no means obnoxious, was executed for blasphemy. The gigantic intellect of Æschylus was baffled in the attempt to thread the intricate mazes of Homeric theology ; and the keen sensibilities of Pindar and Euripides refused to admit the truth of representations incompatible with their more elevated notions of morality and justice. In later times, the scepticism of Plato was still more openly expressed ; and by Epicurus and his Roman followers, the whole system of classic mythology was contemptuously rejected as a mass of old wives' fables. But the institutions of antiquity were not favorable to the

* Ἀλλὰ βροτοὶ δοκέουσι θεοὺς γεγενῆσθαι,
τὴν σφετέρην τ' αἰσθησὶν ἔχειν φωνήν τε δέμας τε.
'Αλλ' εἴτοι χεῖράς γ' εἶχον βόες ἢ λέοντες,
ἢ γράψαι χεῖρεσσι καὶ ἔργα τελεῖν ὑπὲρ ἄνδρες,
καὶ κε θεῶν ιδέας ἔγραφον καὶ σώματ' ἐποίουν
τοιαῦθ' οἷον περ καὶ τοὶ δέμας εἶχον ὁμοῖον,
ἵπποι μὲν θ' ἵπποισι, βόες δέ τε βουσὶν ὁμοῖα.

dissemination of the views of the enlightened; and there is no reason to suppose that the progress of philosophic opinion on the subject of the myths was at all shared by the mass of uneducated men. On the contrary, the people still believed in the myths as true accounts of supernatural facts. The advent of Christianity produced no immediate change in this respect. The early Christians fully believed in the existence and exploits of Zeus, Poseidon, and the rest, but attributed to them a diabolic instead of a divine nature; just as, centuries before, the Zoroastrians had transformed into demons the gods of the Veda. The extent to which Christianity adopted the mythology of classic antiquity is seldom sufficiently realized. The converts to the new faith were not told, that the stories in the belief of which they and their ancestors had lived were false in fact; but that, being stories of devils, and not of gods, they were therefore unworthy of reverence. The state of feeling at that time was averse to scepticism. Each party accepted the data of the other without hesitation, varying only in their interpretations. It has long been known, that Plotinus and Celsus, though bitter opponents of Christianity, never thought of disputing the fact of the miracles; a circumstance which has been considered one of the *chevaux de bataille* of the Orthodox school of theologians, but which, on close inspection, turns out to be as miserable a Rosinante as ever was foaled, — simply proving that the men of the first centuries were ready to believe any thing, whether sustained by evidence or not. Be that as it may, the legends of Greece were believed through a great part of the Middle Ages, and supplied many tints for the mediæval coloring of hell. Dante's "Inferno" and the fourth canto of Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata" remind us of the sixth book of the *Æneid*; and this circumstance, though partly, is not entirely to be ascribed to conscious imitation. Even the vulgar conception of Satan, with the horns and hoofs of a goat, claims descent from the classic representations of the sylvan god Pan. The Reformation, in the sixteenth century, swept away most of the Pagan elements of Christianity; and, with the growth of modern science, the increase of scepticism became so great, that,

in the last century, Semitic myths shared the fate of Hellenic, and Lucretius and Lucian arose again in Diderot and Voltaire. The rational interpretation of myths was again attempted, as in ancient Greece; and, as there, three conflicting theories were the result. The first theory, advocated by Aristotle and the French materialists, supposed that myths, as well as religious ceremonies, were invented by primeval lawgivers as a means of keeping the people under control. This is now too obviously absurd to need refutation. The second theory, originated by Epicharmus and Empedocles, gave an allegorical interpretation to myths, and supposed them to contain embedded relics of ancient and mysterious wisdom. Of a similar nature are the attempts of many modern theologians to trace the remnants of a primitive monotheistic revelation through the legends of all countries. The third theory, propounded by Euhemerus, and supported by Augustine, Lactantius, and most modern writers, postulates for myths an historical foundation, and sees in the gods and heroes of the ancients merely eminent rulers and generals, who were worshipped after their death for the virtues and prowess displayed by them while living. By these writers, "Jupiter is still spoken of as a ruler of Crete, Hercules as a successful general or knight-errant, Priam as an eastern king, and Achilles, the son of Jupiter and Thetis, as a valiant champion in the siege of Troy." This has always been a favorite theory; but it is a fatal objection to it, that it is incapable of verification. Even if it were true that "Atlas, bearing heaven upon his shoulders, was a king that studied astronomy with a globe in his hand," and that "the golden apples of the delightful garden of the Hesperides and their dragon were oranges watched by mastiff dogs," we could never know it to be true, owing to the absence of any contemporary records of such facts. Besides, without dwelling on the trifling incongruity of putting a globe into the hands of a pre-Homeric astronomer, what shall we say when we find that the myth of Troy — long supposed to be an historical account of affairs peculiarly Grecian, which happened in the twelfth century before Christ — nevertheless exists in all its essential elements in the Vedas, and therefore

must have been current before the dispersion of the Aryan family? Yet such is the case. And it affords a striking proof of the futility of all attempts to construct history out of myths, or out of any thing else except authentic records.

No rational theory of myths was possible, until the discovery of the Vedas enabled scholars to compare the myths of Greece with those of ancient India. As the Sanskrit has in most cases preserved its roots in a more primitive form than the other Aryan languages, so in the "Rig-Veda" we find the same mythic phraseology as in Homer and Hesiod, but in a far more rudimentary and intelligible condition. Zeus, Eros, Hermes, Helena, Ouranos, and Cerberus re-appear as Dyaus, Arusha, Sarameias, Sarama, Varuna, and Sarvara; but, instead of completely developed personalities, they are presented to us only as vague powers, with their nature and attributes dimly defined, and their relations to each other fluctuating and often contradictory. There is no Theogony, — no mythologic system. The same pair of divinities appear now as father and daughter, now as brother and sister, now as husband and wife; now they entirely lose their personality, and become undifferentiated Forces. In the Vedas, the early significance of myths has not faded, but continually recurs to the mind of the poet. In the Homeric poems, that significance is almost entirely lost sight of, and its influence upon the poet is an unconscious influence.

It is from the Vedas then, that, with the help furnished by comparative philology, we must hope to extract the true meaning of ancient myths. And now every thing is easy. The divinities of the Vedas almost always appear as personifications of the great phenomena of nature; and this character is also implied in their names. The name of Dyaus is derived from the root *dyu*, the same root from which comes the verb *dyut*, meaning to *shine*. *Dyu*, as a noun, means *sky* and *day*. There is a passage in the "Rig-Veda," * where Dyaus is addressed as the Sky, in company with Prithivi, the Earth, Agni

* "Dyaùs pítar prithívî mâtar ádhruk,
Agne bhrâtar vasavah mrilâta nah." — *Rig-Veda*, vi. 51, 5.

(Lat. *ignis*), Fire, and Vasus, the Bright Ones ; and there are many passages where the character of Dyaus as the personification of the sky, the sun, or the brightness of the day, is very apparent. Here we have a key which will admit us to some of the secrets of Greek mythology. So long as there was for *Zeus* no better etymology than that which assigned it to the root *zen*, to *live*, there was little hope of understanding the nature of *Zeus*. But *Zeus* is now seen to be identical with Dyaus, the bright sky, and we are thus enabled to understand Horace's expression, "sub Jove frigido,"* and the prayers of the Athenians, "Rain, rain, O dear Zeus ! on the land of the Athenians, and on the fields."† The root *dya* is again seen in Jupiter, which is identical with the Sanskrit *Dyaus pitar*, or Dyaus the father. The same root can be followed into old German, where *Zio* is also the god of day : and into Anglo-Saxon, where *Tiwsdaeg*, or the day of *Zeus*, is the ancestral form of Tuesday. In Sanskrit, the root *dya* assumes the form *div*, whence *devas*, bright or divine, and the Lithuanian *diewas*, Latin *deus*, and Greek *theos*, all meaning God. Without the help of the Sanskrit root *dya* combined with the character assigned to Dyaus in the Vedas, we should be unable to interpret any of the names belonging to the supreme Aryan god, and equally unable to perceive his real nature.

The same solar character which belongs to *Zeus* may be discovered in *Herakles*, in *Achilles*, in *Ouranos* or *Varuna*, and in *Indra*, the supreme deity of the Vedas, who usually appears as the Sun. Countless examples might be added, all going to show that the earliest conception of a divine Power, nourishing man and sustaining the universe, was suggested by the mighty Sun ; who, as modern science has shown,‡ is the originator of all life and motion upon the globe, and whom the ancients delighted to believe the eternal source, not only of "the golden light,"§ but of every thing that is bright, joy-

* "Sotto aperto cielo." — TASSO, viii. 26.

† Ὑσσον, ἕσσον, ὃ φίλε Ζεῦ, κατὰ τῆς ἀρούρας τῶν Ἀθηναίων καὶ τῶν πεδίων.

‡ TYNDALL: Heat considered as a Mode of Motion.

§ "Il Sol, dell' aurea luce eterno fonte." — TASSO: *Gerusalemme Liberata*, xv. 47.

giving, and pure. Nearly all the myths of antiquity, whether in the Veda, the Iliad, or the Edda, cluster around the Sun, and from it derive their life-giving element. The dawn and the sunset, the birth and death of the year, are the subjects chiefly dwelt upon in the myths. But, of all this class of natural phenomena, none has been so prolific in myths as the Dawn. The breaking-forth of the light of day over the fields of Aryana-vaëdjo must have been hailed with strange delight by the rustic Aryan, child upon earth as he was in his ignorance of natural laws, and, childlike, hating and dreading the darkness as the source of all that is evil and dangerous. The myths of Sarama and the Panis, of Helena and Paris, of Orpheus and Eurydice, of Jemshid and Zohak, of Zeus and the Titans, of Indra and Vritras, of Balder, in the Scandinavian Edda, and nearly all the myths of Herakles, were originally myths of the Dawn. They were once felt to be such. But with increasing refinement the work of personification became more complete, moral attributes were grouped about the mythic personages, and a differentiation arose between them and the physical phenomena which they had once represented, but which were now classed apart as under the dominion of law. Thus the myths of antiquity grew from the shape in which we find them in the "Rig-Veda" into the shape in which they are found in the epics of Valmiki and Homer. Zeus, Herakles, and Apollo, no longer thought of as vivified natural forces, but endowed with thought, feeling, and intelligent action, became the *dramatis personæ* of Euripides and Æschylus. So the story of Urvasi, originally a dawn-myth, was wrought by the genius of Kalidasa into one of the most exquisite dramas in the literature of the world.

We have not space to proceed further with this subject; but we hope enough has been said to indicate its interest and importance. It is only of late years that the rich harvest to be obtained from mythological studies has been suspected. Great light is often thrown upon early thought by the consideration of a single myth, such as that of Hercules and Cacus, which, appearing in Italy as a mere local legend, shows itself in Greece, India, and Germany as the symbolic representation

of the victory of Day over Night, of Summer over Winter, and of Light over Darkness; and which, re-appearing in Persia under the form of the strife between the good and evil principles, Ormuzd and Ahriman, has passed into the theology of Judea, and thus has affected the religious thought of the entire Christian world. The writings of Müller and Bréal mark the opening of a new era in the study of myths. And we may reasonably hope, that ere long we shall be able to deal with these fossil relics of ancient thought as successfully as the geologist now deals with the stony texts which are scattered over the crust of the globe.

ART. IV.—FREE LABOR IN LOUISIANA.

1. *Annual Report of Thomas W. Conway, Superintendent Bureau of Free Labor, Department of the Gulf, to Major-General Hurlburt commanding, for the year 1864.* New Orleans: Printed at the "Times" Book and Job Office.
2. *Report of the General Superintendent of Freedmen [Colonel John Eaton, jun.], Department of the Tennessee and State of Arkansas. For 1864.* Memphis, Tenn.: Published by permission, 1865.
3. *The Reconstruction of States: Letter of Major-General Banks to Senator Lane.* New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE great political question, and the great social question of the country at the present time,—Reconstruction, and the Labor System,—both centre about the State of Louisiana, and General Banks's administration there. No subjects can be more vital than these,—the terms upon which the seceded States are to come back into the Union, and the basis upon which their industry is to be organized. Perhaps it is as well, therefore, considering how hopelessly, and with what earnestness of conviction, statesmen were divided among themselves upon the admission of members of Congress from Louisiana, that the measure was at last laid over until another session

of Congress, when it can perhaps be taken up again with more calmness, and with a better understanding of the points in dispute.

The Labor System is still a question of immediate and practical importance; not the less by reason of the extent to which it has been used by those who are friends of the country, and friends of freedom, but not friends of the administration, as a ground for bitter attacks upon its honesty and fidelity. No sooner had General Banks issued his regulations for the employment of the plantation laborers, than it was pronounced, without hesitation, to be "a system of serfdom" and "slavery under another form." These criticisms were made upon it in advance of any actual trial of the system, and were supported merely by the interpretation placed upon the words of General Banks's order, at a distance of two thousand miles, by persons who knew nothing, from personal observation, of the condition of things to which it was intended to apply. This judgment, passed thus promptly and without qualification, has been very generally accepted as a matter of course; and it is the prevailing opinion in England, assumed by writers of all varieties of sentiment, from the "Times" to Mr. F. W. Newman, that General Banks has established, and President Lincoln acquiesced in, a system of serfdom or prædial slavery in our South-western States.

The accusation made is as follows, in the words of Mr. Wendell Phillips: * "General Banks's liberty for the negro is, no right to fix his wages; no right to choose his toil, practically no right; having once chosen his place, no right to quit it; any difference between employed and employer tried by a provost marshal, not a jury."

We do not appear here as the advocates of General Banks's system. We gave our reasons, a year ago,† for considering it inferior to Mr. Yeatman's system, which was adopted for the districts about Vicksburg and Helena, and to that which ob-

* Speech before the Massachusetts Antislavery Society, Jan. 26, 1865. - Antislavery Standard, Feb. 11, 1865.

† Christian Examiner, May, 1864.

tains at Port Royal; and we are now of the same mind as then. The question is not, whether the Louisiana system is the best, or even whether it is good at all, but simply whether it is unjust and oppressive. It was prejudged and condemned without a trial. It is now proper to ask how it has worked in practice.

A question to be settled at the outset is, whether there should be any system at all; whether labor ought not to be left to take care of itself in the South, just as it does at the North. For it is to be observed, that the criticisms in question, so far as they apply to a rate of wages being fixed, will weigh against General Thomas's regulations at Vicksburg, General Saxton's at Port Royal, and General Butler's at Fortress Monroe, as well as against General Banks's in Louisiana. If it is right to establish a rate of wages in one case, it is in another; if it is right to place the freed people under special regulations in one district, it is in another. Indeed, as to the complaint that the negroes are placed under special restrictions, and treated as a class by themselves, we do not hesitate to say, that this is rather a misfortune for the whites, than an injustice to the blacks. The chances of war have driven them alike from their homes, and cast them upon our charities,—both classes, as a rule, ignorant, untrustworthy, lazy, and shiftless. To those who have witnessed the abjectness and inertness of the white refugees, it has seemed the one thing needed for them, that they should be placed under some strict regulations, which should train them in habits of regular industry. The peculiar ground of hope for the negroes is, that they are placed under such regulations, and acquiesce in the necessity of labor. For this reason, General Banks's first principle of compulsory labor, harsh as it appears, seems to us sound and wise; and we know it to be a fact, that, at other points in the South, some of the most sincere and earnest friends of the colored race have wished for its adoption. If it was not applied to the whites as well, that was certainly a mistake, and one the injurious consequences of which resulted chiefly to the whites themselves; but it appears from

the statement of General Bowen,* Provost Marshal General, that "the law of labor was to be operative with the black as with the white. Vagrancy was held to be a public misdemeanor with the one race as with the other." We know personally of white laborers being employed on plantations in Arkansas at the same rates with colored; but they were more inefficient than the negroes.

Mr. Phillips's complaint, that differences between employer and employed were to be settled by a provost marshal, not a jury, has little weight. How else could they be tried, or the judgments enforced, in a state of war? How would the jury be made up, — taken by lot from the plantation hands, who have neither capacity nor experience in sifting the truth, and whose whole life has been a systematic practice of evading the truth, and cheating their masters? An excellent method of trying cases was established at Port Royal, in the Plantation Commissions, which were boards of magistrates, composed of the superintendents of plantations. But this would not have worked well except for the high character of that class; for they were themselves the employers, and would seem thus unfitted for the task of sitting in judgment on the employed. The result of their experience was, that it was almost impossible to ascertain the truth from the testimony of the negroes, — so ingrained were the habits of deception; and, moreover, the judgments could be enforced only by appealing to the military authorities. It should be remarked, too, that, according to the terms of the order, these questions are to be decided by the provost marshal only, "until other tribunals are established."

Perhaps the oftenest repeated of all these charges is this, that the freed slave is turned into an *adscriptus glebæ*, by the regulation that "plantation hands will not be allowed to pass from one place to another, except under such regulations as may be established by the provost marshal of the parish." The simple explanation of this — the explanation which occurred spontaneously to every one familiar with plantation

* Liberator, Feb. 24, 1865.

life within the lines of the army — is given by General Banks himself, in his letter to Mr. Garrison, as follows: * “This order was issued at the request of the medical director of the department, and was necessary to prevent general contagion from small-pox, — very destructive to the negroes, always, and then especially so.” At some places, where there was no small-pox, this regulation was a dead letter. Of course, strictly speaking, a despotic provost marshal had it in his power at the end of the year to command all the negroes to remain on the plantations where they were; but, of course also, if he had tried this, his place would speedily have been made too hot for him. But Mr. Phillips’s words are, “having once chosen his place, no right to quit it.” That is to say, having once made a contract, no right to break it. Is this unreasonable? If I hire an Irishman for a year, has he a right to stay with me through the winter at high wages, and then go elsewhere to get still higher for the summer?

Some plan, regulating the labor and wages of the freedmen, is necessarily incident to a state of war; and such a plan no more deserves to be branded as “serfdom,” than the rule of military governors — which equally results from the disturbed condition of the community — should be called despotism. The social organization as well as the political institutions of the South has been shattered to pieces; and, until quiet and self-government are restored, industry, like State and municipal action, must be controlled more or less by the military authorities. But this condition of things is temporary and exceptional; and we should keep steadily in view, that the day is not distant when the citizens will manage their own affairs, and labor will regulate itself. It may be that special regulations for the protection of plantation laborers will be still needed, when all other branches of industry are left to themselves; for agriculture has always been the distinctive pursuit of the South, and the disorganization of society has been, by consequence, more complete here than elsewhere. If so, it will not be any so minute and rigid

* *Liberator*, Feb. 24, 1865.

set of rules as have been required during these troublous times.

The Louisiana Labor System was promulgated by General Banks, in his General Order, No. 23, Feb. 3, 1864. Its main features have been sufficiently discussed above, except as regards the rate and manner of payment of wages, the feature which chiefly distinguished it from other systems. Under this system, the laborer receives food and clothing, besides his monthly wages (eight dollars a month for a first-class hand). Under Mr. Yeatman's system, adopted at about the same time, for the plantations above Natchez, a higher rate of monthly wages was paid (twenty-five dollars); and the laborer bought his own food and clothing (furnished by the employer at low rates). Under the Port-Royal system, the laborer is generally paid by the job, the amount of his wages depending upon what he does, not upon the time spent in doing it. These were the three systems of wages in operation at the beginning of the year 1864; but, in March, the Louisiana system, slightly modified, was extended by order of General Thomas over the "Department of the Tennessee and State of Arkansas" (of which Colonel Eaton is Superintendent), superseding Mr. Yeatman's system.

We are enabled, therefore, to judge of the merits of this plan by its workings in different localities, and under various managements. It labored, it is true, under peculiar disadvantages in Col. Eaton's department. The contracts having been made under one set of regulations, which promised first-class hands twenty-five dollars a month, it was hard to persuade the laborers, that ten dollars a month, with food and clothing, was an equivalent for this. Hence dissatisfaction and loss of interest. But even if there had been no change made, but the Louisiana rate had been established at the start, this is certainly a less advantageous rate than the other. Not because it is a lower rate. It is asserted by the planters, — and apparently they are right in this, — that really, under the high prices of goods which prevailed during the summer and fall, they paid their laborers more than they would have done if the rate had not been changed. However that may

be, it is certain, that, at the time the change was made, the rise in prices had not taken place, and could not be foreseen; so that, to all intents and purposes, the effect of the change was to lower the rate of wages. And this was even aggravated in this department by a later order, excusing the planters from furnishing clothing to their hands, on the ground that the high price of goods made it a hardship. As it turned out, the crop was so complete a failure, that the profits of the employers were, on the whole, fairly enough proportioned to the wages; but, if the crop had been a success, we should have seen the mortifying result of enormous profits to the planters, while the laborers received a scanty pittance.

It is not, however, for the absolute insufficiency of the wages that we would criticise General Banks's plan, so much as because it allows these wages to consist in part of food and clothing. This is, in every respect, a mistake. It obliges the frugal and careful to spend just as much for necessaries as the extravagant, thus failing to encourage frugality and economy. It gives a great opportunity for fraud in the quality and quantity of the "healthy rations" and "comfortable clothing." Above all, it gives the freedman no opportunity to practise the habits belonging to his newly acquired freedom, by making his own purchases. It is not well for these people to be protected at every turn; it is only by being cheated for a while that they will learn to take care of their own interests. General Banks criticises the rival plan, on the ground that "the negroes feed and clothe themselves by an enforced purchase from their employer, at '*the cost of articles on the plantation.*'" I need not say, that, at *such prices*, their pay will not subsist them." But surely, if General Banks's provost marshals have the power to do any thing at all, they will be able to prevent any abuse of this sort.

We think, therefore, that it was a grave mistake to extend the Louisiana system over the upper valley of the Mississippi; the more so, as a very essential feature of it—the appointment of provost marshals to watch over its execution—was in a considerable degree neglected. With laborers discouraged by an apparent lowering of their wages, employers

discouraged by the failure of their crops, and no adequate supervision exercised over the relations between the two, it is no wonder that the experiment in these regions — that is, about Helena, Vicksburg, and Natchez — was a comparative failure.

There is another objection which applies equally to both plans. Wages by the month are not suited to the present condition of these people. It is amply proved, at Port Royal and elsewhere, that they will labor with increasing steadiness and efficiency, if it is made distinct to their minds, that every stroke of work adds to their wages speedily and surely. This the job system, in use at Port Royal, does; monthly wages do not. The freedmen are not used to calculating so far ahead. An immediate result weighs with them; a distant one has very little influence. This is proved by the testimony of the planters on the Mississippi (whose books we have examined), that when it came cotton-picking time, and they paid by the pound instead of the month, the amount of wages increased very materially. But, during the greater part of the season, the laborers saw no direct gain to themselves from their labor; and, as a natural and necessary consequence, they were irregular, slack, and unfaithful. This evil was enhanced in most cases by the great mistake, which was committed, of leaving the settlement entirely until the end of the year. Meanwhile, the laborers were furnished by their employers, on credit, with every thing they desired; and the consequence was, what with poor work and lavish expenditure, that a large proportion of them ended the year in debt to the employers, having overdrawn their accounts. From the data we have been able to collect, we judge that at Helena about one-fourth ended the year with absolutely nothing, except their clothing and other personal property; and one-half, with only a trifling balance. At Vicksburg they seem to have done better. That the remaining quarter had a tolerable surplus, — in some cases a handsome sum, — is a proof that it was possible, even under these disadvantageous circumstances, for an industrious, thrifty, prudent person to earn a good livelihood.

Indeed, considering the quality of the labor, we have no doubt that it cost the employers more than it was worth. Not only the laborers, but the non-laborers, — old, young, and infirm, — all were supported by the planters; and, although failure to work forfeited the pay, it did not stop the rations. Then, too, besides being inefficient and unskilful, the labor was very irregular. We have been informed, that, on one plantation in Arkansas, the best working month in the year averaged only twelve and a half days to each hand; and that the value of the food, issued to all the people upon the plantation, was more than double that of the wages paid. At the same time, the wages, when paid at all, were paid in full for all the time which was professedly spent in work. There was no inducement to work well, because the lazy received exactly the same wages as the active, provided only that the same amount of time was nominally spent by each in the field. One might accomplish twice as much as the other, but it made no difference in his receipts. It is evident, therefore, that, although the wages received by the laborers were small, the amount paid out by the employers was relatively very large.

We have spoken thus at length of the results of the labor experiment in Colonel Eaton's department, because of its failure here, — a result to be attributed partly to the unfortunate manner of its introduction, partly to the lack of systematic supervision, and partly from defects in the plan itself. It is hard to say in whose hands its management was placed. Colonel Eaton himself complains of the extent to which his hands were tied; and, for instance (p. 56), of the order by which the issue of clothing to the laborers was discontinued; and we can only suppose, that he was thwarted by higher authorities in the administration of his department. In Louisiana, on the other hand, we meet with none of these external obstacles. The plan was established in good season, and carried on without conflict of authority; provost marshals, indispensable to the successful working of the system, were appointed in sufficient number, and with adequate authority; and whatever success, or want of success,

attended the experiment, may fairly be attributed to the scheme itself. And there is satisfactory testimony to show, that at any rate there was a reasonable degree of success. Rev. E. M. Wheelock says,* “These people are quiet and thrifty laborers, *doing better as to wages than farm hands at the North.*† They are no longer branded, torn by the whip, mutilated and sold. The dark days are past. They have redress for their grievances, pay for their services, and schools for their children. They know that they are no longer chattels. They have their homes, where they can earn their daily bread. They have their families about them, whom no man can divide or sell.” And Mr. John Hutchins writes:‡ “The payment of the laborers, according to the terms of the order, was promptly and rigidly enforced. In cases where the planter or renter was unable to pay, the crops and property

* *Liberator*, March 3, 1865. The following order will show what Mr. Wheelock's opportunities for observation were:—

“Chaplain E. M. Wheelock is hereby detailed as one of the superintendents of negro education and labor in this department.

“He will visit plantations and jails, and correct and report upon all irregularities and abuses of the labor system coming under his notice. From time to time, he will report to the general commanding. He will be obeyed and respected accordingly.
N. P. BANKS, *M. G. C.*”

† We have no doubt of the correctness of this statement. Mr. Hutchins, in the “*Liberator*” of March 17, states the wages as follows:—

“According to the above estimates, each first-class laborer received, under this order, for wages, \$96; for clothing, \$36; for rations, \$146; for medicines and medical attendance, \$5.50; for the privilege of land, &c., for cultivation on his own account, \$30,—making the sum of \$313.50 per year. This sum he was to receive, *whether the employer realized profits or sustained losses.*

“There were in this order other privileges secured to the laborer, which I have not included in the above estimate. He was furnished quarters and fuel without charge; his children, under twelve years of age, were not obliged to labor, and were furnished schooling without expense to him. It will be seen that the risk was thrown entirely upon the employer, who should advance means to work plantations.”

Of course, this is the highest amount,—what a capable, steady laborer *might* earn. We think, however, that the rations are reckoned too high,—forty cents a day. Both at Vicksburg and Helena, thirty cents was the average. As will be noticed, there was no rent to pay, no taxes, no schooling, and fuel cost nothing.

‡ *Liberator*, March 17, 1865.

on plantations were seized by the provost marshal, and held for the benefit of the laborers. In other cases, the capitalist, who received and was interested in the crop, whatever his contract was with the planter, was held responsible for the payment of the laborers. I do not know of a single instance where the laborers were not fully paid. . . . The freedmen of Louisiana, at the close of the year 1864, were comfortably clothed ; and many of them saved their wages, and had money in their pockets : their children had the advantages of schools, and made good progress in learning." And Mr. Conway (p. 8) reports, that, "though the year has been marked by unparalleled disaster and prostration to the agricultural interests, there will not be more than one per cent of the plantations where payments will not be made and secured to the freedmen. It appears certain, therefore, considering the failure of the crops, that any faithful and capable laborer was able to end the year with proportionally a much better result than his employer.*

The result of our inquiries is, that the Louisiana Labor System, without being all that could be desired, is not in itself unfair or oppressive. It is open to criticism, not on the ground of injustice, but for errors of judgment in certain features. Where it has been carried out with energy and good faith, it has worked tolerably well. Where it has met with obstructions, or has been managed badly, it has failed. It is a system, however, which we do not conceive to be capable

* A charge frequently made is, that there have been abuses of power on the part of the employers, and undue corporal punishments. There certainly were such in some instances, and it was partly with a view to prevent these that Mr. Wheelock was appointed. He says :—

"These disorders and abuses were speedily reported to the commanding general, and as swiftly remedied. The prisoners unjustly held were released ; the sinning overseer dismissed from any employment, or imprisoned ; the marshal who had disgraced his uniform was removed ; and the offending planter heavily fined, or even deprived of his plantation.

"Said the general to me, 'If any planter, after due warning, persists in mutiny against these just restraints, I will remove his laborers, and strip his plantation as bare as the palm of my hand.' This was done in more than one instance, and with the best moral effect."

of the highest and truest success, because it allows no scope to that personal ambition of the laboring man, which is his only stimulus to rise. Under this system, it is not made to appear for his interest to do his utmost, but to spare himself all he can; and it is not peculiar to the freedmen of the South, that they need the incitement of a definite personal advantage in order to work with all their might.

In speculating upon the future of the freed people, we strike at once upon two classes of false notions, which are so wide-spread, and exercise so much influence, that we cannot forbear briefly calling attention to them. These are the character and capacity of the colored race, and the relation of labor to capital; and it is not too much to say, that, unless more correct views come to prevail upon these points of prime importance, we must anticipate disastrous consequences.

The peculiar difficulty, as to the first of these, arises from the incapacity of most observers to draw a correct judgment from the facts which they observe, unbiassed by prepossessions or immediate interest. In this the friends of the colored people are quite as much to blame as their enemies. One class, worshippers of the "divine institution," and determined to see nothing but failure in the new order of things, seem to rejoice over every fresh proof, that the negroes are a demoralized and worthless race, and assume, as a matter of course, that they must eventually be brought back under some system of slavery. To these are added many superficial philanthropists, who go among the freedmen with such exalted expectations, that they are soon driven by disgust into a violent reaction, and join the party of their detractors. On the other hand, the true friends of the race are often guilty of the opposite fault, partly from an instinctive desire to look upon the bright side, partly in consequence of the strong impression made upon their minds by the tractability of the negroes, and their eagerness to learn,—these characteristics outweighing every thing that is unfavorable. It is hard to exaggerate the harm that has been done to the cause by the unreasonable and impossible standard thus set up. Even those who are at first well disposed are sometimes permanently estranged from

the colored people, by finding them to fall so far short of what they had been led to expect.

The fact is,—and this must be the foundation of all philosophy upon the subject,—the negroes are just what we should expect them to be after generations of slavery. If they were not, as a rule, lazy, dishonest, and licentious, the chief argument against slavery would lose its weight. For the native Africans have not these vices, at least to this extent. They form the best class of slaves, the most steady, trusty, and moral. But it is impossible that slavery should exist, and not corrupt all with whom it comes in contact. It has had this effect upon the descendants of those Africans. Treated like beasts, they become beasts. In all parts of the South, we find encouraging indications that they have not lost the power of rising again from their degradation. From the children especially we have every thing to hope, through the admirable schools that have been established; and we need not despair of the adults. But that these are at present in a very low state, industrially and morally,—not so low as the poor whites, to be sure, but very low,—must be assumed in all our discussions.

So much for the material with which labor is to be reconstructed. The other question, of the relation of the employer to the employed, is in a sadly confused state, by reason of the prevailing superficiality of thought in regard to these matters. We do not suppose, that the necessary antagonism of labor and capital would be assumed by democratic thinkers in this country in any other relation of society than this; but as soon as it comes to considering the freed slave, in his new relation as a hired laborer, the liveliest suspicions are aroused: Whatever profit is made by the owner of the plantation, is thought to be so much filched from the earnings of the laborers. Witness the violent and ignorant attacks made in the newspapers, last year, upon a gentleman who has done more than any other one man to advance the condition of the Port-Royal negroes; attacks based upon the simple fact, that, while his employees were getting a higher rate of wages than any

other equally unskilled laborers in the world,* he himself had made a handsome profit. The same story repeats itself East and West, wherever the attempt is made to carry on any systematic agriculture with free labor. Everywhere, unpractical theorists have done their best to excite discontent among the laborers, and spoil them with absurdly unreasonable expectations; so that the wages they have demanded would alone, in some cases, have more than covered the whole value of the crop.

The argument upon this point is simple enough, and cannot be controverted. This great mass of needy freedmen must either be supported by charity, or work must be found for them. Their necessities, as well as the general interests of the community, demand the regular cultivation of the great staples, — cotton and sugar. But this cannot be had without capital, and capital will not come down from its safe Northern investments, unless under the temptation of very high profits. It is all very well to say, that this is grasping and illiberal. The fact remains, — Northern capitalists will not assume the enormous risks from brigandage, overflow, and the uncertainties attendant upon a new branch of business, unless the chance of profit is made commensurate with the risk. The question simply is, whether to allow them these rates of profit, or to leave the negroes to struggle on by themselves, without assistance, to produce such crops as we ourselves saw, last year, disgracing the fields of Port Royal and the Mississippi Valley. We feel sure, that it is much better for these people to be employed by humane white persons, than by those of their own color; for, in the first place, there are almost none of them who would not for a while be benefited by the watchful supervision of a skilful agriculturist; and, in the next place, they are notoriously harsh and unreasonable in their exactions as regards one another. It is much better for each family to work by itself, than for a few colored men to have the control of the others. A multiplication of small

* See second letter of E. S. Philbrick, in the Second Annual Report of the New-England Freedmen's Aid Society.

freeholds, as speedily as is possible and judicious, is the true policy.

It was from a recognition of this truth that such special favors — too great, as we have already shown — were extended to the planters last year. And perhaps it is pardonable, seeing that the lessees of the plantations made so near a failure last year, that the arrangements made this year in Louisiana are only slightly modified from the former ones. The rate of wages is somewhat higher, but the same system has been continued. At Helena, however, in Arkansas, the planters, thoroughly disgusted with last year's experience, have hit upon what seems to us the most promising scheme yet devised. They have divided their plantations into lots of a suitable size, and sub-let them to the most capable of the negroes, on shares. The planter agrees to advance all the capital needed, — seed, teams, food, clothing, &c., — taking his pay at the end of the year, the crop being equally divided. Here is capital coming frankly forward, and entering into a fair partnership with labor, — both parties understanding, that what is for the interest of one is for the interest of the other. The planter knows, that by liberal treatment he will get a better crop; the tenant knows, that the harder he works, the larger his share will be. This arrangement, however, still leaves a number of negroes unprovided for, — the mass of inefficient hands; and these must still be employed, as last year, by either whites or blacks, for monthly wages.

Another subject, upon which there has been great confusion of mind and endless debate, is the tenure of land. We pass over the absurd assumption, often put forth, that the freed people are by right the owners of the land upon which they have toiled. It is the practical question, whether it is wise to divide lands among them as a free gift, that we wish to consider. We believe that no possession will benefit them which they have not themselves earned. Do we not believe the same for our children, that it is best for them to have to make their own way in the world? For the colored people, as a race, this is a fundamental truth. They had to prove their manhood as soldiers, before they could be welcomed as

brothers. If it had not been for Port Hudson and Fort Wagner, we should hardly have heard such universal gratulations, that it was colored troops that first entered Charleston and Richmond. In the same way, they must earn the right to possess land, by steady, thrifty industry. This is not inconsistent with giving bounty lands to soldiers,—white and black. That is a reward,—it is earned. But why should a worthless vagrant, because he is a negro, receive the gift of a farm, the value of which a hard-working farmer's son in New England would think himself fortunate to acquire in ten years? Let the thing settle itself. We shall find out soon who are fit to own land; for these will buy it themselves, in an open market, with money that they earned by their own toil.

We are very far from desiring, in the unfavorable judgment we have expressed, to underrate the capacities of the race, or the actual attainments of some members of it. The colored people themselves are not responsible for their present condition, and we need not be in any degree discouraged by it. That slavery has reduced the mass of them so low, does not weigh so much against them, as the fact tells in their favor, that such men as Robert Small and Prince Rivers have risen, in spite of all obstacles, to attest to the powers of the race. And they are not rare exceptions. Neither would we be understood as defending the Louisiana scheme of reconstruction, which is fallaciously joined with the labor system in the popular estimation. Its military origin, which is fatal to the genuineness of the State Government, is the true and sufficient excuse for the system of plantation labor. This was, as Mr. Wheelock says, “a temporary arrangement, renewable from year to year, and intended to *bridge over this chaotic period of transition, which threatened to absorb the colored race like a quicksand*. By its terms, the planter, in whose hands centred the entire agricultural wealth of the State, obtained a single concession,—the labor needed to carry on his plantation, pay his taxes, and secure his crop. In all things else he was shorn of his ancient masterful privileges, and onerous duties laid upon him instead.” And Gen-

eral Banks himself says, "It is not probable that it will be necessary to continue the regulations long. It was required chiefly in commencing work. When the habits of labor are established, and the negroes know enough not to be cheated out of their wages, it can be discontinued without trouble."

We will close by repeating emphatically, what has been already insisted upon more than once in these pages, that, if the freed people are treated for a while as a class by themselves, it is because we find them as a class by themselves; and it is natural, and perhaps unavoidable, not to change this too hastily; and further, that no state of things can be considered normal, or any thing but a temporary makeshift, which recognizes any distinction of race,—any claim to the suffrage and other rights of citizenship, but that of fitness for their exercise.

ART. V.—THE ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

ON the last anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, there was promulgated from Rome, in the encyclical letter of Pope Pius the Ninth, a plain and authoritative declaration of Roman-Catholic principles, which deeply concerns every Christian nation, and most especially the United States.

To this letter is appended a catalogue of "the principal errors of our time," consisting of eighty distinct propositions, which are classified, and of which seven relate to pantheism and absolute rationalism, seven to moderate rationalism, four to indifferentism or toleration, thirty-seven to the Church and her rights, nine to natural and Christian morals, ten to Christian marriage, two to the civil power of the Pontiff, and four to modern liberalism.

These documents are the most remarkable of this age, whether they be regarded as defining the position of the Church itself, or as the certificate of the world's progress. We will, therefore, assume that our readers are familiar with them; and, as we wish to consider only the great question

they present, of the relation of Romanism to the republic, will merely refer to a few propositions which relate to civil and political affairs.

It will be borne in mind, that the Pope denounces the following as errors:—

1. In his letter, the opinion that liberty of conscience and of worship is the right of every man, and that this right ought, in every well-governed State, to be proclaimed and asserted by the law, which he reminds his followers that one of his predecessors called “an insanity.”

2. (Error No. 15.) To hold “that every man is free to embrace and profess the religion he shall believe true, guided by the light of reason.”

3. In his letter, he requires the priesthood to teach that “kingdoms rest upon the foundation of the Catholic faith.”

4. He there instructs them, that the Church ought “freely to exercise her influence, not only over individual men, but nations, peoples, and sovereigns.”

5. He declares it to be an error (No. 23) to deny that the Church may “avail herself of force, or any direct or indirect temporal power.”

6. In his letter, he tells the bishops it is an error to think that “Church and State ought to be separated.”

7. He denounces it as an error (No. 42) to hold “that in any conflict the civil law ought to prevail.”

8. An error (No. 27), “that the ministers of the Church, and the Roman Pontiff, ought to be absolutely excluded from all charge and dominion over temporal affairs.”

9. He tells them that the Church has “the power of defining dogmatically, that the religion of the Catholic Church is the only true religion.”

10. (Error No. 21.) “That it is the duty of Government to correct, by enacted penalties, the violators of the Roman-Catholic religion.”

11. He tells them, the notion, that “the most advantageous conditions of civil society require that popular schools, open without distinction to all children of the people, and public establishments destined to teach young people letters and good discipline, and to impart to them education, should be freed from all ecclesiastical authority

and interference, and should be fully subjected to the civil and political power for the teaching of matters and opinions common to the times," is wrong (error 47).

Let every true American citizen read and ponder this long letter, with the long list of eighty opinions and doctrines which are denounced by the apostolic voice as "heresies and errors hostile to moral honesty," as having "frequently stirred up terrible commotions," and "damaged both the Christian and civil commonwealths." He may concede that the Pope has a right to regulate his own conduct, and is a good judge of the logic of the Church, and incline to concur with his Holiness in his final specification, and to admit that it is an error (No. 80) to say that "the Roman Pontiff can and ought to reconcile himself to, and agree with, progress, liberalism, and modern civilization."

But he must be startled at the thirty-ninth item, which declares that it is an error to hold that "the State of a republic, as being the source of all rights, imposes itself by its right, which is not circumscribed by any limit." He will be alarmed to learn, that the head of the Roman-Catholic Church declares the fundamental principles of American society and government to be hostile "to the everlasting law of nature engraven by God upon the hearts of all men, and to right reason."

Next after that dogma of civil and social science, that new principle of philosophy embodied in the Confederate Constitution and arrayed in arms against the Government, that "slavery is the corner-stone of the republic," this open avowal of the ideas and aims of Roman Catholicism challenges attention. The principles of that Church have indeed been known to the world; and it has required but little thought to convince any one who could believe that they had not been modified in the light of knowledge and civilization, that such would be their practical and legitimate results. But how many could believe that slavery would knowingly accept its own conclusions? Would not the mass of men of this day have expected that the Church would, rather than adopt such results as the Pope proclaims, be inclined to question the

premises from which he reaches them? Such, however, is the fiat of the apostolic head of a sect which numbers more than a hundred and fifty millions of followers. Such, if the Catholic Church be a unit, are the principles and purposes of that vast body of men in the United States, composed largely of foreign emigrants, and, by their sympathies and education, most likely to be un-American, which, though still but a minority of the whole people, has yet become one of the most extensive organizations that exist in the country.

Will American Catholics be loyal to their country, or true to their faith? Is there, can there by possibility permanently be, such a thing as fidelity to the Roman-Catholic Church, combined with true allegiance to the Constitution of the United States? *

Whoever will carefully study the letter and errors of which we have given specimens must confess that it is impossible to be a true American citizen, and a faithful Romanist, *such as the head of the Church requires*. It is not to be denied, that, by this authoritative exposition of the principles of the Roman Pontiff, the Roman Church assumes an aggressive attitude; and, just so fast and so far as she can obtain power in this government, is pledged to wield it in her own service. The fundamental principles of the Roman Church are destructive of the fundamental principles of a democratic republican government, subversive of all civil and religious liberty.

There has been a notion prevalent, that the doctrines which are thus inculcated had become obsolete; that the Roman Church had ceased to assert any rights, or to claim any do-

* It is reported that the two highest Roman-Catholic authorities in this country answer this question differently; the Archbishop of New York assuming the highest Ultramontane ground, while the Archbishop of Baltimore claims that the "republicanism" of the encyclical letter refers only to the revolutionary theories of Europe, and has nothing to do with constitutional government here. "There was a time," says Mazzini, "when the Popes were the depositaries and guardians of the moral law. Believing in their mission of justice and liberty for all, — intrepid against all who sought to violate their power, and ready to suffer for their faith, which then was the faith of the peoples, — the Popes, from the fifth to the thirteenth century, aided and promoted the progress which Pío Nono now condemns."

minion, except in ecclesiastical affairs. But the circular of the Pope so utterly explodes it, that it must be laid aside as without any shadow of foundation.

There is a kindred idea, that there has been, and is, a sort of division in the Romish Church, such as there is in most, if not in all, other churches, between the conservatives and the liberals, — those who assert the dominion of the Church in civil affairs, and those who claim for the Church no civil jurisdiction whatever. But it must be borne in mind, that the Catholic Church does not admit itself to be *a sect of Christians*. It claims for itself infallibility. It asserts dogmatic authority. Its own disciples are true believers; all others, heretics. It is therefore impossible, that there should be in the Church Catholic (*ex vi termini*) that sort of division which exists everywhere else in Christendom. By its own pretensions, from the cardinal doctrines of its creed, the Roman Church cannot exist with American institutions. If there be, if there can be, an American church calling itself Catholic, it must renounce its allegiance to the Church of Rome, or it must be false to its allegiance to the country. It must be the Protestant Catholic Church. The Roman Church allows no liberty of conscience, but asserts the power and the duty to enslave the consciences of men and to control their civil conduct, to regulate society, to rule over all governments. The first Amendment of the Constitution of the United States expressly forbids the creation of any religious establishment, or any law interfering with the freedom of faith and worship. And all the States agree in securing religious liberty.

It is not the Roman Catholics, then, who fear any encroachments on their rights. The Pope does not rally the Church to pursue this policy, — which the world, or at least America, thought was defeated two or three centuries ago, — in order to protect its disciples in the exercise of their rights under Government. This Government secures them as fully as it does those of all men, and favors Roman Catholics as much as it does any Christians. No: it is Americans who need to be alarmed, or rather it is for American members of the Roman Church to decide whether the claims of the Church must not

be renounced. It is very clear that they must reject them, or must renounce their allegiance as citizens. It is very clear, that, if they obey the injunctions of the Pope, either Romanism or the present form of Government must come to an end on this continent. There may be a new form of Protestantism, a new sect and creed of American disciples of the Pope as the head of the Catholic church, as one body of Christian believers; but such would in no such sense as the Church claims be Roman Catholicity.

De Tocqueville, one of the most careful observers and best critics of American institutions, himself a Catholic, frankly declared his surprise at finding the Catholics of this country the most republican and the most democratic class in the Union. He sought to explain this anomaly by the fact, that the Roman Church reduces all but the priests to a common level; and that the priesthood is, in the United States, entirely separated from the Government. But he also confessed, with equal frankness, that they were obliged to adopt republican and democratic principles because of their social position and their limited numbers; and that they would support these political doctrines "with less zeal, if they were rich and independent." "By the side of every religion," he says, "is to be found a political opinion which is connected with it by affinity; and the human mind, if left to its own bent, will regulate the temporal and spiritual institutions of society in a uniform manner, and man will endeavor to *harmonize* earth with heaven." It is very significant, that a Catholic admitting this fact, and finding that the civil liberty of America sprung from the democratic and republican religion of the settlers who had shaken off the authority of the Pope, tells, as a remarkable circumstance, that a priest in America made a prayer for the liberty of the Poles. That was more than thirty years ago. The Catholics then numbered more than a million. But truth and candor forced him to confess, that the republicanism and democracy of Catholicism were not normal results of principles, but unnatural opinions which they were "obliged to adopt." The best that could be said was, that the Catholics were poor, and supported the cause of free gov-

ernment to secure to themselves a chance of taking part in it: they were a minority, and stood for equal rights to secure the exercise of their own. But what is to be the course of things if the Roman Catholics of America become rich and powerful? What is to be their rule, if they ever become a majority? What is the spirit of their efforts as a minority?

It is obvious, that all Roman Catholics of this country who are true to their allegiance as citizens must really abjure and renounce all ecclesiastical and civil supremacy; must openly and honestly refuse to follow the course pointed out by the Pope, and be content with the same privileges which are enjoyed by the rest of our citizens, or else elect to make war on free government. This arrogant assumption of supremacy must be repudiated and rejected by those to whom it is addressed; or they must expect that claims so dangerous to the peace, so destructive of the Government and social institutions of America, will be resisted from the outset till the end.

Moreover, not only does the Church assail the principle of loyalty, but it seeks to band its disciples together as a faction. Pledged to one end, which is not that of the Government,—pledged to make the Government itself, so soon as they can get control of it, the instrument of enforcing their faith and practice on the whole people,—do they not see in the outset that they have no sort of claim to toleration if they are ready to pledge themselves to allow none to others? Do they not see that they must renounce this claim of the Church, or assume an attitude more treasonable than that which the slave-power occupied before the rebellion, and without any of the reasons which that power had to urge in its justification? Do they not see, that if they can attain to power, as that faction aimed to do, they must pledge themselves to a rule more despotic and terrible than that of slavery would have been, as the eve of St. Bartholomew was worse than the surrender of a fugitive slave?

The natural result of this letter will be to drive the great body of those who will think, to Protestantism. Men will not so readily give up the privileges of government, edu-

cation, property, civil rights and advantages. They will be likely to elect the side of reason and common sense when they know that it presents substantial benefits. The founders of the American States strove to establish civil and religious liberty together. Religious and political freedom were developed, and grew together upon this continent, till the people saw—and with one voice declared—that in them were embodied the laws of political society. Organized in our governments, they have, by their results,—in the unexampled material, intellectual, and religious growth and prosperity of the country; in the strength and stability of the government; in the freedom of the citizen from burdens and interference; in combining with individual security and personal immunity, and protection of the minutest rights, the rule of power founded on justice,—shown that these laws are true, as proved by their practical working. Accordingly, the whole civilized world, even including the Roman Church itself, has been greatly revolutionized.

At this day, the head of that Church once more raises the standard, and rallies the Church to the support of the ideas of the fifth and thirteenth centuries. He seeks to drag Christendom into the darkness of the darkest ages of history. It is all very logical. A creed resting not on reason, but on authority; a Church assuming to be the only Church,—to be inspired, infallible; a Bible for men not to read; forms and ceremonies not to be understood; dogmatism in lieu of faith; enforced observances in place of true worship; ecclesiastic absolutism; the enslavement of the soul,—these are consistent only with civil despotism. It is precisely as Vacherot said:—

“The principle of Catholicism is not merely authority, for that it has in common with all religions: it is authority over all, everywhere, under all forms, extending to the minutest details of faith and discipline; it is the regulation of every undertaking, opposition to human liberty carried to the extent of renouncing individuality. A Catholic society is certainly capable of much chivalric, mystic, or military excellence. But one thing it will always lack,—the capacity of *self-government*. It may show prodigies of learning, devotion,

heroism: it will never show the world the spectacle of a people which governs itself. As it has never known any password but order, if by chance it get liberty, it will not know how to use it with dignity and moderation. It will turn it to anarchy, and will forthwith throw it beneath the feet of despotism. Catholicism and democracy are absolutely incompatible: it is an abuse of terms to speak of Catholic democracy. You might as well speak of military democracy, or democratic dictatorship."

In the trial of this issue, can the world rely on the intelligence and patriotism of the Roman Catholics of America? or is the Roman Church sure of her followers? Is it true that civil and religious liberty have, even in America, no existence but in name, and for a time? In the long and terrible conflicts and convulsions into which the world has been thrown by ecclesiastical strife and persecution, has no solid ground been gained? Are there no principles of civil and spiritual liberty which are no longer to be brought in question in America? Have governments no legitimate authority,—laws no real basis?

Let it be borne in mind, too, that the Church of Rome, in order to attain its end, aims a blow at the educational system of America. It is through the public schools that preparation for the duties of citizenship is acquired.

Now, the plan of the Pope is: 1. To insure, by every possible influence of education, that all children of Catholics shall be true to the service of the Church; 2. To band all Catholics together in their efforts to direct and get control in all civil affairs; 3. Having got such control, to use the power to enforce the civil as well as ecclesiastical dominion of the Church. Witness the efforts in New-York city to pervert the municipal revenues into sectarian endowments.

What all this means is now readily to be seen. Men can understand the necessity for the English laws against Catholics; for the very principles of Catholics involved the subversion of civil government. Whilst a minority, they are a faction; when a majority, a tyranny. Heresy is a high crime; and, according to the old definition: "*Hereticus est qui dubitat de fide Catholicâ et qui negligit servare ea, quæ Romana ecclesia statuit, seu servare decreverit.*"

We can understand, too, how it was that heretics were doomed to be burned. The marvel is that the same influences are at work that were the controlling ones when these laws were enforced. It is in vain for the world to flatter itself, that the civilization of this age, the intelligence of mankind, or the general enlightenment of the race, will prevent the same things now or hereafter. It is the avowed determination of the Romish Church to propagate itself by force. It must, then, use *adequate* force; and that will include the extremest punishments.

There is hope from civilization and intelligence in the body of the Church itself, if anywhere. The Church anathematizes the greatest triumphs of human reason. The results of science and philosophy it condemns as damnable errors. The truths of reason, on which modern societies, states, churches, civilization, stand, it denounces as heresies. Its catalogue of errors embraces the great circle of modern thought. It unblushingly avows itself the foe of progress, liberalism, and modern civilization. Its hope of success, then, is in the belief, that, in the war of opinions, error will prevail over truth, ignorance over intelligence; or that it may succeed in enforcing itself on the world, in spite of all reason and knowledge, by the unity and persistency of its followers. It dares deliberately to declare itself to be a deadly faction in every State and society.

It may find some strong allies in this new crusade. It may find, even in this century, some elements favorable to its ambitious designs. But it will not find those elements and allies whereby the Church of Rome once ruled the world, and disposed of its thrones. It will find some formidable opposition from the rulers of those empires in which it is the prevailing creed. Even its worshippers there will tremble at tyranny more terrible than that which they now endure. The French emperor and the French people will join in ridiculing such foolish assumptions. The masses of Europe, which were once Catholic devotees, need no Luther to lead them to renounce such absurdities. In America, the Church will find the people, and probably a pretty formidable portion

of its own worshippers, ready to declare this Letter and its list of the world's errors, in the language of the Virginia Act of 1785, a piece of "impious presumption of ecclesiastical rulers, themselves but fallible and uninspired men;" and that "civil rights have no dependence on our religious opinions, more than on our opinions on physics or geometry." It is the creed of America, that "a flourishing civil state may stand, and best be maintained, with full liberty of religious concernment." In the good old words of the Puritans:—

"The free fruition of such liberties, immunities, and privileges as humanity, civility, and Christianity call for as due to every man in his place and proportion, without impeachment and infringement, hath ever been and ever will be the tranquillitie and stabilitie of churches and commonwealths; and the deniall or deprivall thereof, the disturbance, if not the ruin, of both."

ART. VI. — THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN CHURCHES.

1. *The Monthly Journal of the American Unitarian Association.* 1864, 1865. January to April.
2. *Call and Address issued by the Committee of Arrangements for the National Convention of Unitarian Churches.*

FIFTY years ago, there were perhaps four churches in this country willing to accept the name Unitarian. The name belonged, indeed, to the religious history of Poland, where it meant "tolerant." It had no connection, in its origin, with a belief in the Unity or Trinity of the nature of God. It was a foreign term to us, therefore, and came in upon us as unnaturally and with as much difficulty as would the term Donatist or Waldensian, which had no essential connection with our history.

In half a century, however, there has grown into existence a very perfectly defined body of Christians, belonging to

churches once of Episcopalian, or Presbyterian, or Quaker organization, — mostly, however, of the Congregationalists of New England, — who are known by the name of Unitarians, whether they themselves take this name or decline it. This body has never acknowledged its existence by any organic act until this year. Its members have always been prone to talk of it as our “denomination,” having, indeed, as we have often said, a curious passion for long words of Latin roots. One and another journal has called itself its organ when it seemed convenient, and then, under some other phase or some other editor, has said it was nobody’s organ. The body, as a body, has never authorized any man, book, or paper to be its organ. It has conducted a great many works of Christian activity, in which it has received no assistance from persons not of its communion. For instance, it created the Theological School at Cambridge; threw it open to the Christian world; educated there Episcopalian, Methodist, Swedenborgian, and Orthodox ministers; and never received a penny for this school from anybody not distinctively a Unitarian. In the same way it carries on Harvard College. Nine-tenths of the endowments of this college have been received from the benefactions of this body. But it has too much sense and too much religion to limit the good of the college to its own members. It appoints professors indifferently from men of every Christian body, — scatters its scholarships indifferently among pupils of all Christian communions. It simply reserves for itself the privilege of furnishing all the funds. It divides, as it should do, the benefits among all who will receive them.

A system as broad as this, resulting in operations of the most unrestricted generosity, is the only system possible in a truly Christian organization. The statements of the Founder of our religion are perfectly definite on this point. Men are to know his disciples by the love they bear to one another; and there is no other test or shibboleth by which they can be known. Indeed, when they carry by the side of that general symbol any division color, State banner, county flag, or township coat-of-arms, there is always danger that, in the *mêlée*

with the devil, this secondary and supplementary signal may be mistaken for the general banner of the host. History is, in fact, full of instances where people have become more attached to some such local symbol of division than they have been to the great token of universal brotherhood. That is, however, properly not a Christian body or company which puts any limit on its universal philanthropy. The moment a set of people confine their gospel to the Jews or to the Gentiles, to the elect or to the reprobate, to black people, red people, yellow people, mulattoes or whites, it ceases to be the Christian gospel. The voice of the Christian gospel is, "Come who will." It proclaims a free salvation by the grace of God, and it proclaims it to everybody.

The Unitarian body has always held to this completely catholic view. It is a much more catholic body than the Church of Rome is. It holds that every person born within reach of any Christian influence, is, so far forth, born into the Church of Christ. It is glad to baptize all so born, in recognition of this truth. But, baptized or not, it claims them all as so far fellow-Christians. It does not ask for profession of faith: it is very glad if it gets confession of weakness. Nay, if it cannot get that, it works on the self-satisfied Pharisee who refuses to make it, in the hope and faith, that, by the mighty power of Christian truth, he also can be brought nearer the kingdom of God. Thus it knows no perfected saints in North or South; and it knows no absolute devils,—not even in Andersonville or in Richmond. Its work of Christian ministry is literally for all men.

It does not follow, however, that, while it works for all men, it does not know who are its own members or who are its allies. Because it does not build up a wall of separation between its pickets and the world outside of them, it does not follow that it cannot tell its own soldiers or their companies. Because it admits that there is good everywhere, even in Boothia Felix, it does not follow that it considers that Boothia Felix is as good a place to live in as is the temperate zone. Because it finds some good even in the service at St. Peter's, it does not follow that it considers that that

is the perfection of human worship. Because a company of Christians make the whole world their field, it does not by any means follow that they are indifferent to discipline. And because they are generous to all, it does not follow that they are indifferent to their own doctrine. Toleration is not indifference; for persecution is not necessarily a sign of sincerity. Nor again does it follow, — when a Unitarian expresses his certainty that truth will everywhere triumph, because God is, and because there are rays of God's light everywhere, — that he means to enter into his rest, and leave God to work his own victories. There is a doctrine of filtration, diffusion, or endosmose, which states, that, if a drop of rose-water be thrown into Boston harbor to-day, the fragrance of that drop will be perceived on the banks of the Ganges, a hundred thousand years hence, by any one who smells of the sacred waters with organs sufficiently delicate. There might be a system of religious endeavor, which should rely on a similar principle in the spiritual world, to convey some faint millesimal suspicion of the gospel pronounced in a Christian pulpit to-day, to the consciences reigning at Danville or Macon or Montgomery, or whatever place shall be the throne of despotism a thousand years hence, if despotism last so long. But such a system would not be specially a Unitarian system. It would not be a Christian system in any sense. For the essence of Christianity, as far as action goes, consists in giving and taking. What we take, we are to give. It ceases to be good for any thing unless we give it. And so, in the concrete expression of the Saviour regarding missionary work, he bids us, explicitly, go out into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

With a very earnest sense of this Christian duty, the Unitarian body of America has addressed itself, in the last half-century, to a good deal of work in the organization of its missions. It has six missionary societies, — three belonging to the States of Maine, New Hampshire, and New York, respectively; and three, more general, which have the names of the Evangelical Missionary Society, the American Unitarian Association, and the Western Conference, — the last

limited in its work to the Western States, the other two having no limit but the world. It has two theological schools; one at Cambridge, and one at Meadville. It publishes three newspapers and one monthly journal. No one of these small organizations or journals has any sort of creed limiting the convictions, or the expression of opinions, of those who have them in charge, excepting as the name Christian limits them. And of all of them the world is invited to get such benefit as it can.

Yet this Unitarian body, thus willing to work in the Christian subjugation of the world, has never had, till now, the simplest methods for finding out what was its own strength. The Unitarian Association is purely a missionary body. It works *in partibus infidelium*; but it has no privileges but those of a beggar, at home. It has no right to say what the Unitarian churches of the country are; nay, in strictness, it does not even know. It prints every year a register of such churches, for what it may be worth; not vouching for its correctness, — sure, on the other hand, of its incorrectness. These churches are in no way represented in its councils, except as individual members of them may be individual members of this private corporation. The Evangelical Missionary Society is simply a close corporation, continued by the election of new members by those already existing. The Western Conference is organized on a more American system. Its elasticity and vigor have shown for years the value of that system. An election of responsible delegates from the churches brings together a body of representatives, who can themselves take counsel, with some shadow of authority, for “the common defence and for the general welfare.” But this Conference has never united more than thirty churches; and, although a good example, has not met the necessities of the isolated Unitarian churches of the rest of the land.

So little consciousness of its own power, therefore, had this Unitarian body, that when, last December, the directors of the Unitarian Association held a special meeting of that corporation to provide for the immense enlargement of its work, made possible under the new conditions of this country, it

was with a certain timidity, and tone of apology, that the directors proposed a special effort to raise twenty-five thousand dollars for the service of the year. In point of fact, there had been single years when that Association had received less than seven thousand dollars for its missionary purposes,—a sum too contemptible even for ridicule. We adduce these figures here simply as an illustration of the ignorance of their own strength as a religious body, which has for many years characterized the Unitarians.

Such ignorance showed itself in other ways, more unfortunate in their results than was a failure to appropriate large sums of money for the diffusion of truth. As this nebulous body would not own that it had any nucleus, it was often simply impossible for individuals or religious bodies to join it. Orthodox journals of different types have often amused themselves by showing that the growth of this body was very slow, implying that few persons joined it. They would have conferred a great favor on the independent religious thinkers of America, by showing them how they could join the Unitarian body in such a way as to receive sympathy from it, or express interest in it;—

“For thrice about its neck their arms they flung,
And, thrice deceived, on vain embraces hung;
For thrice the flitting shadows slipped away
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.”

Of course, if an individual Episcopalian or Baptist lived in a town where there was a Unitarian Church, he could become a member of that church. But how, if he did not? How, if a Roman-Catholic priest, not living in such a town, became a Unitarian? or an Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, or other Orthodox minister? How, if a missionary to the heathen threw up his charge, because he did not believe the theology of the A. B. C. F. M.? How, if a whole congregation of Christians preferred to administer the sacraments, and conduct public worship, without a creed rather than with one? How, if the minister of such a congregation recognized the Christian communion of his Unitarian brethren in the ministry? These are a few illustrations of real accessions to the force of the

Unitarian body, such as are taking place all the time; but there has been no method whatever, by which this body, without a nucleus, should know that it had received such accessions, should feel the new strength which every army feels when it knows it is recruited, and that its necessary losses of strength are made good tenfold by its accessions.

Nor is it only in its relations to Orthodoxy that the Unitarian body, as we have ventured to call it, has suffered from its want of a nucleus. Its members are in the closest religious sympathy with all those religious bodies in America which are popularly known as Liberal. Here is a very large constituency of people, with whom the Unitarians have every reason for cultivating friendly relations. There are thirty millions of people in the United States. All these people have been, to a greater or less extent, under Christian influence. So far forth, they are Christians on the Unitarian hypothesis. Of these people, three millions, in round numbers, belong to the Catholic church; a million and a half are Baptists; five hundred thousand are Presbyterians, and five hundred thousand more belong to other closely-knit Orthodox sects who would not wish to co-operate with Unitarians in any religious or philanthropic enterprise. But the other twenty-four million people and more, belonging in part to the Methodist, Universalist, Christian, Episcopal, and other religious organizations which adopt a generous theory of the Christian Church,—and in much greater number belonging to no Church organization whatever,—are the natural allies of the Unitarian body in any enterprise of philanthropy, education, or religion. Suppose it is desired to co-operate with the organizations which represent either of these religious bodies; suppose it is desirable to make a representation to the Government of the country, or to the people of the land, in reply to the effrontery of some shoddy “Christian Commission;” suppose, for whatever cause, it is desirable for the Unitarian body to say an honest word, or as a body to do an honest thing,—who was to be its spokesman or its agent? The President of the Unitarian Association had no more authority to do it than the minister of any separate parish.

Suppose three or four of the religious communions which we have named should rise to the height of founding together a University in the West, or the South, on as generous a foundation as the Universities of Germany stand upon, — a University in which professors of every sect might teach what they had to teach, and pupils of every creed might learn what they had wanted to learn. Suppose that, in such a plan, the representatives of those bodies, dividing among themselves the care of the foundation of such a University, sought the representatives of the Unitarian body, to offer it a share in the work, and the advantages of so grand a scheme. They could not have made the proposal, because there was nobody to make the proposal to. They would have found plenty of active churches, plenty of active men, but nobody who had any right to bear their proposal to the others, and no possible convocation of the body, to which their proposal could be addressed.

This nebulous condition of an active, enterprising body of Christians, quite determined about their work, sympathizing very heartily with each other, and, as we have said, knowing very well who are their friends and allies, resulted naturally enough from the circumstances of their history. There is no necessity of inquiring as to its cause. It did no great harm, as long as the Unitarian body was a circle of churches in or near Massachusetts, virtually shut out from activity in the rest of America, and providentially compelled, as it were, to be satisfied with the work of elevating, as far as it could, the civilization of the New-England States. There were always many persons in the ministry of the body, who felt no inconvenience from such a condition of things. Strong men who had around them hearty and united parishes had much more than they could do at home. They had all the sympathy they needed in the circle where they did their day's duty. The rest of the world might call them Arminian or Mesopotamian, Pelagian or Antinomian, heretic, schismatic, or infidel, — they neither knew nor cared. If it did not call them any thing at all, if it did not know of their existence, they knew as little and cared as little. But the laymen of the

body, as it has proved, had a very different feeling. They were proud of their denominational name: they were proud of the status the Unitarian Church had earned for itself where it was known; and they meant that that name, and the work which that Church had to do, should be carried farther. And the younger members of the ministry, and the ministers who came into it from the Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Methodist, Quaker, and Orthodox bodies, have shown for many years, on all occasions, an undisguised wish that there was somebody to welcome them when they came into the ministry,—somebody to back them when they were in its hard places,—somebody at least to suggest occupation in the work of the ministry for the modest,—and somebody to fortify those who stood in frontier or difficult positions. With the new emergencies of the country, the views of the laymen of the body, and of this very large majority of its ministers, of course asserted themselves. The body had work to do outside of Massachusetts. Everybody who cares for any thing beyond stones and bread has something to do, in uplifting the barbarous nation which, by force of arms, we have just now annexed to civilized America. It was idle to tell people who were determined on such work, that the people who needed to be healed must come to the first church in Plymouth, or the first church in Salem, or the first church in Boston, or the first church in Roxbury, or to the churches of New England generally. Though the gospel administered in those churches were of the purest, the presumption that the dying people of Savannah and Nashville and Memphis would come there to drink of its streams, was too narrow to satisfy the determination to carry Christian love and life out into all the barbarous South, and into the new-born West. If the war had taught the country nothing else, it had taught us geography. And, learning that lesson, the Unitarian body had determined, that it would give such vigor to all its enterprises of civilization as should be worthy of its name,—if it did no more.

It is to such a determination, arising from various causes in the laity of the Unitarian body, and in large numbers of its

clergy, that the organization of the "National Conference of Unitarian Churches" of America is due.

The incident which gave rise to the movement from which this organization was formed is that to which we have already alluded,—the call of a special meeting of the American Unitarian Association. This missionary society received in the last year the contributions of only about fifty churches in the Unitarian body,—not one-sixth of the body in numbers or in pecuniary ability. But, even thus restricted, it was the largest of the nine organizations for special purposes by which this body of Christians, which had no centre, had attempted to do its duty. This society, in its report of last May, had been obliged to confess, that it had collected, for its general missionary service of the preceding year, only six thousand eight hundred dollars. With the enlargement of work offering itself in the army, and in the enfranchised States, it had no materially enlarged funds for the service of the year which is now closing. Perfectly certain that the laity of the Unitarian body had no wish or intention to avoid the duty which devolves upon the whole Church in the new civilization of the South, the association called together this special meeting of its members, to lay before them a statement of the exigency, and of the measures proposed for meeting it. The members of the association are—all persons who have subscribed one dollar within the year to its treasury, or, at any period, have subscribed thirty dollars. It was not, as we have said, in any way a representation of the Unitarian churches, or, indeed, of the Unitarian community. When this special meeting came together, the Executive Board presented a very generous and far-seeing exposition of the work which devolved on Unitarian Christians. An active and intelligent friend of its movements presented a well-digested history of its operations, and moved that twenty-five thousand dollars be raised in the churches to carry out the plans of the Board. It at once appeared that the meeting was not satisfied with so small an appropriation. On motion of a lay-member, himself thoroughly acquainted with its method and operations, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars was sub-

stituted for twenty-five thousand. As he justly said, for a work of this kind, it is easier to raise one hundred thousand dollars than it is to raise ten.

But, as the discussion of plans of work and methods of raising money proceeded in this meeting, the difficulty of voting any thing, or determining any thing in the unorganized Unitarian body, became painfully manifest. Who were the five or six hundred people in that church? and what did they represent? When they voted that one hundred thousand dollars should be raised for missionary purposes, did they mean that it should be raised among themselves? or did they mean it should be raised among the churches of which they were members, or among the fifty churches who contributed to the association last year, or among all the two hundred and sixty-three churches of the Unitarian communion? Of course, they did not mean that anybody was to be forced to pay any thing. But what was the moral weight of the vote? Clearly this was severely limited when it had to be confessed, that here was a vote cast in an open public meeting, where nobody knew who voted, where nobody pledged himself even to pay a penny, where no one had a right to pledge any one else, and, more than all, where no one even promised that he would advise any one else to contribute.

In the midst of this very palpable exhibition of the quality of the discipline of the levy with which it was proposed to rout the forces of the Devil, a trustee of Antioch College rose to speak. In a few very simple words, he showed that the Unitarian body had no single duty before it so important as the provision for the liberal education of the people of the West. He showed that the plans thus far proposed made no provision for that purpose; that, if they were carried out without counsel with those who had the plans for Antioch College in their hands, they would certainly overthrow those plans; and that the practical result of each set of efforts would probably be the defeat of the other. In brief, he showed what would happen when these unorganized levies which were to beat the Devil were distracted by the attempt to fight without discipline on two different fields. To those people who

remembered, as he spoke, that, in fact, not two organizations, but nine, within the Unitarian body, solicited their denominational sympathy and assistance, in addition to the countless commissions and agencies for philanthropy outside the denomination, which were steadily pressing their claim, the chaos of such effort seemed indeed hopelessly confused.

It was at this juncture, and under the pressure of such dissatisfaction, that Dr. Bellows, of New York, presented the resolution from which the National Convention of last month sprang. It is in the following words:—

“That a committee of ten persons, three ministers and seven laymen, be appointed to call a convention, to consist of the pastor and two delegates from each church or parish in the Unitarian denomination, to meet in the city of New York, to consider the interests of our cause, and to institute measures for its good.”

This resolution was welcomed actually with enthusiasm. It not only met the immediate necessity of the occasion, but it met the eager want which the younger ministers of the body had felt, which we have attempted to describe, and the practical determination of the laymen who were present in large numbers at this meeting, that this body should take some place in the active work of the Christian Church worthy of its principles and its prophecies. Dr. Bellows himself, in moving the resolution, said there was a prevalent impression that the Unitarian body disliked organization. He did not believe it was so unpractical; but, for one, he was willing to organize with any other man who would organize with him. Such a declaration coming from a person who has held the presidency of the Sanitary Commission, whose highly organized work has been so efficient in the last four years, struck the key-note for the rest of that meeting. It proved a meeting much more important than such mass-meetings generally are. Those who met there dispersed with the feeling that they had not only met the exigency which called them together, but had at least prepared the way for the organization of the Unitarian Church of America.

This history of the convention which was called by this

meeting, and which sat in New York on the 5th and 6th of April, is now before the public. It more than satisfied the most auspicious hopes which were expressed in the meeting which called it. If it did not satisfy all hopes which were excited before it met, it was because, in the very wide discussions of the four months between, hopes sprang up more sanguine than any that were entertained at first, and too sanguine to be made real in a moment. The convention has no secret history. Every step that it has taken, and that it has refused to take, have been canvassed most freely in the newspapers, and in various meetings of ministers, of committees, and of the convention itself. What it has done is very simple. The reasons for its refusal to do more are very simple, and its history is very easily told.

Nobody, so far as we know, had any wish to state any creed for the churches represented in the convention. They were Congregational churches, each of which made its own creed if it wanted one, and refused to make one if it did not want one. There early expressed itself, however, in various quarters, a wish that some general definition of Christianity might be made, on an occasion so fortunate, which should show, not so much what these churches believed, as what all the Christian world believed. It is so plain that the old creeds of the Church occupy themselves with subjects about which the Church at this very hour is very indifferent, whether it believes them or not, that it is a very tempting thing to try to make the statement what is this alkalest or universal solvent, with which we are all alike in affinity, and which we call Christianity. Dr. Bellows proposed such a statement. Mr. Frothingham made another, for the Liberal Church, at the close of his striking sermon, which was first delivered before the Ministerial Union in Boston; and twenty or thirty more, at least, were brought to the convention itself, one of them in print. But none of these proposals for a definition of a creed of the Church at large was received with much favor in this discussion. The precise business in hand was the organization of our branch of the Christian church; and any effort for any purpose, however curious or valuable,

which did not distinctly appear to belong to this specific object, was set aside.

We might add, that, in common use, the word "believe" has got itself connected with the idea of intellectual process, though it was certainly not with such an idea that it was used by Paul or Jesus Christ. Now, the Unitarian body is almost unanimously pledged to the statement, that religion is not largely a matter of intellectual process, but is rather a matter of Life, in which intellectual process has a very limited and even an unimportant part. All the twenty or thirty creeds that we saw, which were proposed for this convention's definition of universal Christianity, recognized this subordinate place of intellectual process in the religious life: but the mere word "believe" seems to imply an intellectual process, as language is commonly used; and for this reason, among others, as we suppose, all the statements of belief were withdrawn, or fell to the ground, without much discussion in print or elsewhere.

So the creeds, symbols, rallying cries, and mottoes got set on one or another side. As the discussions of the winter went on, it was evident that the newly roused hope of organization led many men to look farther than the organization of the Unitarian body simply. The committee of arrangements, consisting of three clergymen and seven laymen, proposed the organization not simply of "the Unitarian" but of "the Liberal Church." They directed the three ministers in their number to issue an Address to the churches. This Address distinctly urges the breaking down sectarian lines:—

"And what a blessing for us as well as for themselves, if the nation were enough *at one* in its faith, for Christians to withdraw their energies from controversy, and the tactics of jealousy and mutual counteraction, their eyes from dividing walls and distinctive opinions, and devote their united hearts and souls to the positive truth, the positive faith, and the positive work of the gospel of Jesus Christ! We know not what fruit and flowers our liberal faith would produce, were it only nationalized; living in the genial climate of public confidence, and with the common people lending their ardent affections, and bringing their great human instincts into its fold."

We state simply what appeared, not only in the preliminary meetings of the committee, but in the convention itself, when we say that these gentlemen, and, as we suppose, many others, were forced to abandon with reluctance the hope of using this occasion to embody with us other Liberal Christian churches, of whatever creed, or of no creed, who were, however, indifferent to the Unitarian name, or wholly unwilling to assume it. But, before the convention met, that appeared probable which, as soon as it met, was evident beyond peradventure, — that it would first take the step for which it was distinctly called, solidly and carefully, before it entered on the consideration of any next step. It was evident, that, whatever might be the wishes of the ministers of the Unitarian body as to alliance or fusion with other bodies of Christians, the lay-delegates of the Unitarian churches meant to organize the Unitarian body first, — before they listened to any proposals for federal unions or consolidations with other organizations. This statement we consider necessary, by way of illustrating the second principal point of discussion which has entered into the deliberations of the winter on the question of organization.

The convention met in New York on the 5th of April. The attendance was large and punctual beyond expectation, even of the most sanguine friends of organization. It had been hoped by some members of the committee of arrangements, that one hundred churches might be represented; but the experience of the festival conventions of the Unitarians gave no warrant for expecting more than a representation from seventy-five churches. In fact, however, one hundred and ninety-five were represented; the whole number of churches between Eastport and San Francisco being only two hundred and sixty-three. The delegates were not volunteers: they had been chosen for this specific purpose, at meetings of the societies regularly called, and, in a uniform style of credentials, were

“authorized to speak and vote for the congregation (which appointed them), in all subjects presented to the convention; and to make any provisions which they may think wise for future conven-

tions, which shall receive reports from our churches, colleges, conferences, and other associations, and quicken, enlarge, and strengthen the various activities of our local or general organizations."

Indeed nothing was needed beyond a careful survey of the five or six hundred ministers and delegates, after they were assembled, to show that here was a body of men very carefully selected, and representing, with great weight of character, an important constituency. The committee of arrangements, acting in the spirit of their instructions, had gone beyond the letter, in inviting delegations from the nine boards which had in charge the enterprises of missions and of instruction, in which the Unitarian body has engaged.

Before the convention met in form, at the request of this committee of arrangements, Rev. J. F. Clarke, of the Church of the Disciples, in Boston, preached a sermon at All Souls' Church, in presence of an immense congregation, embracing, probably, most of the members of the convention. This sermon will be remembered among the auspicious solemnities of the occasion. Beginning with a description of that bold "change of base" by which Paul and Barnabas cut loose from the Jews and turned to the Gentiles, the sermon illustrated the constant necessity by which the Church is compelled to repeat that same process, as one or another institution assumes to be the establishment, and cramps itself into the rigidity of old Judaism, — so that successive Pauls, Luthers, and Wesleys have to cut loose, and found the liberal Church again. They do this precisely because they are disciples of Jesus, and because in that discipleship they are at work for union and freedom. Under the inspiration of this sermon the convention met the next day for its duties.

It was presided over by Governor Andrew, of the Church of the Disciples, in Boston. Never was the important function of parliamentary law more distinctly shown than in the steadiness and fairness with which he held the convention to its work. In this he was largely assisted by the determination of four-fifths of the delegates assembled there, to drive the work of the convention steadfastly through. It was clear, from the

first, that here was a body of men largely versed in public procedure. No new session of a State Legislature shows so large a proportion of men who have engaged before in the details of legislative life, as were present in this body. The fact, which always appears in assemblies of ministers, that while as a body they speak singularly well, they have not the gift of brevity, was made of the less consequence here. The laymen who spoke, spoke with brevity which more than counterbalanced clerical loquacity, — and spoke with pitiless point; and the convention, perfectly fair to every speaker, was determined that no question should be kept on the carpet, simply as the theme for eloquence. We recollect no instance where the advocates and the enemies of a measure had not their fair chance; but then no favorite speaker was favorite enough for another word, — the question was demanded always, and almost unanimously insisted upon.

The convention, from the first, took its business in its own hands. We are in a position to state, that none of its committees, excepting that on its first organization, and that on credentials, was even suggested before the convention met. It named by acclamation six of the names on its most important committee, that on organization; and, at its order, Governor Andrew, with great discretion and fairness, appointed the other six. This committee of twelve, representing every shade of opinion in the convention, agreed on a unanimous report, which was accepted with very great unanimity after a discussion in detail, — and defines the organization of the “National Conference of Unitarian Churches.”

This report provides for an annual convention, organized, precisely like that which adopted it, by the choice of two delegates from each church, who, with its pastor, shall represent it in conference. That body, meeting annually, is the organization; a visible exponent of these Unitarian churches, as they provide for the common defence and for the general welfare. If the nine missionary bodies interfere with each other, here is a tribunal of common appeal. If the body has work in hand too great for any one of them, here is its central power to give energy to one or to all. If there is new

duty to be undertaken for which none of them is prepared, here is a representative council, whose advisory power will certainly be very great, to provide the machinery which is deficient. But, most important of all perhaps, here is the solemn opportunity for a discussion and explanation between one and another part of the country, of what the Church can, and what it cannot, attempt. Here is, once a year, some system given to enterprises, which, if undertaken in a corner, may die of isolation or want of air. Nor is it a trifling thing, that, in such a convention, the body rises to a sense of its own life,—feels its own strength or its own weakness. At New York it felt its strength, unquestionably. The energy and determination of the convention was, we believe, a matter of surprise to all its members.

Whatever the conference determines upon will be reported back to the constituent churches by their delegates. Into their action, of course, the conference cannot go. But it is evident, that any broad or national plans agreed on by any strong majority of such a conference will appeal with great effect to the several churches whose delegates have taken part in the discussions and in the votes. In the present case, the work of the convention consisted chiefly in making the plans for its successors. It also recommended an annual subscription, by the churches, of one hundred thousand dollars to the purposes of the two larger missionary boards,—the Unitarian Association and the Western Conference. The general interest excited by the discussions of the winter had shown, that the special meeting of the Unitarian Association had not over-estimated the exigency, nor the willingness to meet it. Of the one hundred thousand dollars then voted, nearly eighty thousand dollars had been raised in four months by fifty churches. The convention determined that this sum should be annually raised, calling upon all the one hundred and ninety-five churches represented to unite in raising it. They voted, with equal unanimity, that the churches be advised to fill up the endowment of one hundred thousand dollars necessary for the re-establishment of Antioch College, this summer. And they voted that twenty thousand dollars

be raised, to be devoted to the establishment of a weekly journal.

This is to say, that the convention recommended to the churches four distinct things to be done in the next twelve months. It then continued its officers in place till their successors should be chosen, and appointed an executive council of five ministers and five laymen to direct the execution of these four objects as the year goes on.

On none of these measures, so far as we are aware, did any difficulty present itself. The imaginary impossibility of organizing Unitarians with a creed, or without one, vanished away. It proved that, as represented here, the Unitarians were a singularly practical body; determined to have some organization, equally determined to have no creed. It proved, as we believe, that they were a body more closely united in mutual regard and confidence than any other ecclesiastical body in Christendom. As we understand it, this harmony springs from their learning, more and more distinctly in every crisis of their history, to hold by their Master's injunction, that the love they bear to each other shall be the only evidence of their discipleship.

In the midst of this unanimity, two subjects appeared for discussion, and were the only two which divided the convention. Waiving all statement of the creed of Christendom, and all statements of the dogmatic position of the churches represented, the preamble to the constitution takes ground within Christendom in these words: —

“*Whereas* the great opportunities and demands for Christian labor and consecration, at this time, increase our sense of the obligation of all disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ to prove their faith by self-denial, and by the devotion of their lives and possessions to the service of God and the building-up of the kingdom of his Son.”

Exception was taken, with great care and earnestness, to these words, on the ground that they involved a supposed coquetry with Orthodoxy; that they were understood in one way in this convention, and in another way by Orthodox believers; that the word “Lord” in especial, is no longer

used in the Church in the sense in which Paul used it, but carries with it to the popular ear the Old-Testament sense of Jehovah; and, in general, that the preamble was an attempt to connect us with that base of Orthodoxy from which we really and at heart cut away. It did not, it was said, show any reason for our separate existence.

Kindred to this criticism was the wish expressed in many quarters, that the organization contemplated might be a wider organization than one of the two hundred and sixty-three Unitarian churches of America, or of the churches which should be added to them under that name. Let us issue a call, it was said, to any Independent or to any Liberal churches. Let us organize what the call of this convention looked to, — “the Liberal Church of America.”

This proposal failed, as we have intimated, and as we believe, wholly from the determination of the lay-delegates of the convention to do one thing at a time. You cannot make the Constitution of Massachusetts and the Constitution of the United States in the same room, on the same day, with the same delegates. Massachusetts must be constituted and organized first, and New York, and Pennsylvania each in its own way; then it will be time for them to discuss some system of union which shall be for the common defence and the general welfare of all. It is impossible for a set of squatters in the mountains, who have no central or representative body of their own, to make any proposals for union or nationality to a Massachusetts, a New York, or a Pennsylvania, which are already in good working order. As idle would it be for these Unitarians, who have no nucleus, no representative, no organ, no spokesman authorized to speak for them, to address the Liberal bodies of the Church, or the Liberal Christians of the land, with any hope of a respectful or practical answer. Such was, whether right or wrong, the determination of the convention. With that determination, acceding to the unanimous report of its committee, it joined the refusal to change their preamble. That preamble wholly escaped being a creed, while it took ground, as we said, within Christendom. The complaint that it made advances to Orthodoxy

did not impress the convention. They knew that the days of such advance were over for ever. They knew that Orthodoxy was steadily advancing to us, and that the flirtation is wholly on the other side. And, as every man in the convention felt, that, in any just sense of words, Jesus Christ is Lord and Leader of every enterprise which now helps God's world along, the convention, more practical than speculative, chose to say so.

And now the Convention is to be judged by its fruits. So will the conference be judged into which it resolved itself. If it can cast out the devils, it will be admitted, on all hands, to be a Christian organization. If, it cannot, it is of no consequence whether it cries "Lord, Lord," or refrains. If in the eminently religious epoch in which we live, in which the march of armies, the victories over traitors, and the death of leaders, unite to make men rest in God, and trust in him; if, in such an epoch, this organization of the Unitarian body enables it to work more actively in the humanities and charities and other ministries of the hour; if it take hold more decidedly of the work of education in this land of black and of white, by which alone is all prophecy to be fulfilled; if it cultivate closer and closer relations with all Christian men, measuring their Christianity by its own most generous standard; if thus it do its part towards the establishment of that true Catholic Church which is to unfold the life and elevate the religion of free America,—then the arrangements which created such an organization will be forgotten in its results. The anxieties which attend its birth will vanish as it grows and prospers.

The times seem ripe for a new step in American life. That new step must be taken under the auspices of religion. It depends for all its successes on the closest sense of the communion of God and man. It is only the Liberal Church which can carry forth fully among all men the sentiment of that communion. All other churches are paralyzed in the thought that their reprobates have no claim to it. Foremost, as we believe, among the Liberal churches is the place which the Unitarian body holds, which now girds itself for new

endeavor. It has the future to educate. It has a barbarous land to civilize. It has the starving to feed. It has the dejected white man to inspire. It has the freed black man to train to freedom. It has all men, black and white, to lift up to a higher sense of their own nature and a closer sense of the love of God. Thus has it to work out the new civilization. If it succeeds, men will forget its methods in its victory. If it fails, men will forget them in its failure. The method in itself is nothing. But the Unitarian body were no true branch of the vine, if it did not address itself with its best energies to the great work that is to be done.

ART. VII.—THE NATION'S TRIUMPH, AND ITS SACRIFICE.

"THANKS be to Almighty God for the great victory" are the first words of official reply to the bulletin announcing the surrender of the main army of the rebellion. These words respond singularly to the temper of the public mind at the announcement, which was not the temper of exultation, still less of vindictive triumph, but rather of devout thankfulness and joy at the great deliverance. It was fit that our deepest emotion should be that of solemn awe in the presence of that stupendous judgment of Almighty God which our nation had just witnessed. Any phrase less solemn and dread seemed unfit to tell of the series of great and terrible acts which made up the history of that week. What we have believed and wished and hoped so long, we know now. The strength of the rebellion is crushed. The civil war is felt to be virtually over. The same day which gave back to the national forces the last great coast city of the rebellion, witnessed the complete and final annihilation of that army, which, for four years, had held the approach to the rebel capital so obstinately, so bravely, at a cost to the nation of such wealth of treasure, and such seas of blood. How often

we have brought up against that terrible barrier — how fearfully to be baffled and repulsed! Let the catalogue of names tell, — names that meant so little to us four years ago, that are full now of the most tragical and the most heroic memories of our lives! Bull Run, the Chickahominy, Cedar Mountain, Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Mine Run, the Wilderness campaign, and the long siege of Petersburg, — these, with the obstinate struggles in the Valley of Virginia, the glories and the griefs of Harper's Ferry, Winchester, and Cedar Creek, the great crowning days of Antietam and Gettysburg, the episodes of the "Monitor" and "Merri-mac," the loss and recovery of Norfolk, the first advance through Baltimore, and the perilous defence of Washington, — have made the chapters of that tragical story, the stages of that difficult journey, which closes so triumphantly in the fall of Richmond, the surrender of General Lee, and the certainty of speedy peace. Thank God the struggle and the sacrifice have not been in vain! Thank God the cause for which so many of our bravest and best have given up their lives is so strong, so certain, so secure! Not a blow has failed, not a life has been thrown away, not an hour of sickness and agony has been endured in vain, when once we can learn to read this story as it is written in the book of the divine purposes, and as the working-out of the Infinite Will. These were the price the nation had to pay for its redemption. The payment of it was claimed, and it was cheerfully, gladly, proudly paid from the heart's blood of thousands and tens of thousands who gave themselves freely to the cause, — paid from the heart's agony of thousands more, who have laid the costliest treasure of their children's lives on the altar of the country, and know now that the sacrifice has not been in vain. And even if the bitter struggle and the dreadful suffering were all to go over again, and we could weigh against it, on one hand, the defeat, the shame, the loss, the ruin with which our nation was threatened, or, on the other hand, the magnificent and boundless hope to which this triumph opens the way, — there are hearts still so faithful and so strong, that they would cry to God, Take all, O Father! if

that must be the price ! Take our life, our children brave and beautiful, take the pride and joy of our hearts away, so only that great deliverance shall be accomplished, and thy holy will be done !

Perhaps, in all the stirring history of this eventful time, the most striking thing has been its appeal to the religious feeling of the people, and the response that has gone back from the people's heart. We knew it was so with the humble, devout, patriotic, everywhere. We knew it was so with those who, with bitter prayers and tears of blood, had surrendered what was dearest to them in life as the price of this great deliverance, — who had made it a sacrifice to God, and blessed him now that he had accepted it. We knew it was so with the millions of bondmen, ignorant, simple, and by nature full of the fervor and passion of devotion, to whom, in their simple faith, the President was an inspired Deliverer, and the conquering armies of the Union were the immediate revelation of Messiah's kingdom. We knew it was so with them. But when the crowd in the Merchants' Exchange called on a clergyman for prayer to God as the fit expression of the hour ; when the great multitude in Wall Street stood with bowed head to join in the grand song of praise to " God from whom all blessings flow," — then we saw that a deeper chord had been struck, and a deeper life awakened in the heart of the nation, and that the great moral revolution which it seems the providential end and aim of this struggle to accomplish had already begun to bring forth fruit.

A few dates will serve to illustrate the curious, almost dramatic, completeness of the work of those April days. On the first day of the month, the decisive blow was struck which cut off the rebel right, and gave our forces possession of the Southside Railroad. The next day, the line of fortifications in front of Petersburg was stormed and occupied, compelling the abandonment of the city and its entire defences. On Monday, the third, Richmond was occupied by the Union armies, and the great prize of the campaign secured. On these two days also, Selma and Montgomery, the only important nucleus of rebellion in the Gulf States, were

taken, and stripped of their warlike stores. On the sixth, was the final great defeat of the Army of Northern Virginia; whose surrender on the ninth — Palm Sunday — was the crowning triumph of the war, and the definite assurance of a speedy and honorable peace. The same day gave into our hands the last of the strong defences of Mobile, and so completed our possession of every important seaport of the South. Within three days later, Raleigh, Lynchburg, and the great store of military supplies at Salisbury, were occupied by three several Union armies advancing from east and west; and, on the thirteenth, the first decisive step was taken in the policy which prepares for peace, by suspending recruiting and the draft, and making a definite contraction of the scale of military expenditure. The fourteenth — Good Friday — closed the record of these two eventful weeks with the celebration at Fort Sumter, the fourth anniversary of its surrender; and the complete triumph of the national arms was announced by the striking and somewhat theatrical symbol of hoisting upon its staff the identical flag which had been lowered in surrender to the first blow of the rebellion. And so, except such stray gleanings as might be left in its wide harvest-field, the task of war seemed to be done, and its four years' terrible record to be closed. The "new era" of peace and good-will had been announced by the President in a speech on the evening of the eleventh, which was a plea throughout for the most generous interpretation of the rights and political privilege to be accorded to the disarmed and submissive population of the seceded States. And this temper was shared, and this appeal responded to, eagerly and warmly, by the mass of the Northern people, who only needed the assurance that the nation was safe, to forget all past wrongs and griefs in the elation of a new and generous hope. As one evidence among many, we copy the following words from the "Army and Navy Journal:" —

"Rejecting with derision the soft epithet 'erring brothers' while the war lasted, the North once more speaks of fraternal affection with the South. It is eager to fling away, in the very moment of victory, its all-conquering weapons, that its embrace may be free,

untrammelled, and hearty, for its vanquished adversary. It is not idle vamping, but strict and simple truth, to say that such a spirit of affiliation, springing up so quickly at the end of a victorious war, is utterly unparalleled in the world's history. Considering that ours has been an intestine war, with father often arrayed against son, and brother against brother ; considering that it was a rebellion against lawful authority, which not only threatened to deprive the Union of territory, property, and subjects, but to destroy its integrity, ruin its safety for all time, make allegiance to its control a mockery, and, ere long, to sap its entire life ; considering the bitterness with which it has been waged, and the treasures, the desolation, and the precious blood it has cost, — this instant desire of the North to welcome the South once more into the Union reveals a more marvellous public opinion than history has yet recorded. There is everywhere in the North a disposition to forget its just threats of 'subjugation,' of 'burning the rebel cities to ashes, and sowing those ashes with salt,' of visiting the terrible vengeance of bullet and scaffold in a final day of reckoning. It is for the South only to say whether the blood shed for four years shall not serve to cement this western brotherhood of commonwealths into a closer contact than ever, and make our country more thoroughly worthy of the name for four years ridiculed on transatlantic shores, — the *United States*."

Such was the temper and the promise of the time. Alas ! how little we thought then, that the bright, clear day just closing would begin the fresh page of that history by a deed so horrible and dreary, by a stroke so heavy, struck at the head of the nation, felt so keenly in the heart and conscience of the people ! How little we thought that the first victim to be offered for that peace and reconciliation we waited and hoped for so eagerly was that one life on which, more than any other at that hour, our best hope and expectation seemed to rest ; that the coming Easter Sunday, which we had thought of as the festival of our nation's renewed and better life, should be saddened and bewildered by so deep a gloom, not only of sorrow and lamentation for the crime just done, but of a vague, wild dread as to what new forms of violence and peril might be haunting the path of our coming destiny !

For we could not keep the thought of it clear of a certain bewilderment and dread. In all the life-time of our nation,

there had been no crime like this, — a crime that, if repeated and grown familiar here, as it unhappily has been in other lands and times, would make all free and orderly government impossible, and would compel men, for very terror of disorder, to take refuge in the terror of the sword. We had hoped that this particular danger had passed away. Four years ago, we knew that the steps of the President elect had been watched and dogged on his way to the capital, and that the wretched gang of assassins had been baffled only by vigilance, wariness, and prompt action of the officials who guarded his life secure. Through those first months, and in the strange and violent story of the following years, it seemed almost as if a special miracle had been wrought to keep from the hands of murderers a life on which so many and so infinitely costly interests hung. And when, in spite of many of his friends' remonstrances, the President had gone, like a simple citizen, unarmed, almost unguarded, into Richmond, the city where for four years had been the centre and gathering-place of all the hate, defiance, insult, menace, aimed against him, it would hardly have seemed strange if some wild stroke of revenge, some stray shot, some desperate, sudden act, then and there, had cut short the life too carelessly risked. How touching and how noble a thing it was; how fit to be the last journey upon earth of a brave, honest, and perfectly single-hearted man! That tall, awkward form, clad in plain, dark citizen's dress, in a city surrendered to the pomp and magnificence of war; that homely, kindly, fatherly face looking its frank good-will on the mixed, strange, and doubtful population there; the only personal attendant his own little son, clinging to his father's hand; — the chief magistrate of a great and victorious nation, in its hour of triumph, committing himself, so void of defence, so free, to the risk of that strange journey! A curious, and, as we look at it now, a very touching symbol of the man. It would hardly have seemed surprising then, and could hardly have brought so great a shock of pain, if we had heard of his assassination there. But at home, in the familiar city; cheerful and unsuspecting, in the company of his family;

wounded in the house of his friends; shot to death by a cowardly bullet in the gay and open scene of public entertainment, — here was a blow that fell with a sharp and sudden surprise; here was a stroke of astonishment, as well as grief, which still bewilders while it pains us, and troubles us with a vague dread of the future, even worse than grief or anger at the past!

It is hard, at this time, to separate the resentment felt at the insult thus offered to the majesty of the nation, and this wanton invasion of its returning peace, from the personal grief and honor felt for the memory of the man. To a very remarkable degree, Mr. Lincoln had come to be the acknowledged and true representative man of the people. The circumstances of his second nomination, and the result of the last election, made, together, such a testimony as no other public man in our generation has received. It had been thirty-two years since a president had been re-elected to that office; and, in that instance, it was regard to those qualities of a haughty, indomitable will and iron firmness, which put a man outside and above the ranks of his fellow-citizens, and make him the powerful chief of a party, — it was this, and the service which General Jackson had rendered in stopping by one stern act of vigor the threatened storm of revolution then, that had replaced him in the seat of power. With Mr. Lincoln, the feeling was very different. There seemed rather a modesty and reserve, a vacillation and self-distrust, which made him lean much on the judgments of other men, and crave the support of finding the policy he desired already anticipated in the feeling and wishes of the people. Frankly and openly, he claimed to draw his inspirations from the people, and to act less by any abstract opinion of his own than by the desire, the thought, the degree of preparation, he found already in the people. It would be hard to find the instance of a public man in all history, who has appealed to the public so constantly, so frankly, so confidentially; who has been so scrupulous to set forth the reasons that guided him, to allow for the objections that hindered him, to consult all the symptoms in the popular mind; so anxious to get

whatever hint and guidance he might find there in performing duties whose difficulties none could understand so well, and whose reasons none could see so clearly, as he. Sometimes this was very trying to the patience of the public, and seemed very dangerous to the security of the nation. Often and often, men have wished for an hour of Andrew Jackson's iron will, or for the downright, bold, energetic, half-unscrupulous, but clear and consistent, determination of one or another among our public men, to baffle the sophists, clear off the mists, break through the obstacles, and overcome the immediate difficulties of the way, by one sharp, strong, sudden stroke. But the ship wore on through the difficult and dangerous channel. One point after another was passed with safety. One rock after another, which she seemed almost certain to strike, was avoided by a hairsbreadth, by some dexterous shifting of the helm; and we learned to trust, almost without a question, in the wary, shrewd, timely skill of the pilot, and to feel, with him at the wheel, a habit of security, come what might. That cool sagacity, that indomitable good-humor, has saved us we know not from what miseries of fatal dissension and quarrel among our statesmen, we know not from what perils of foreign quarrel, into which the people's impatient temper might have betrayed us so easily.

In itself, we hardly know whether to call it a merit or a fault in a statesman, — this waiting for other men's opinions; this insisting on being not a leader, but a follower; this persisting to be in harmony with the average mind of the country, and letting one's public acts reflect a public opinion already formed. By men of a clear and positive turn of mind, it has constantly been charged against Mr. Lincoln as a serious and all but fatal error. It has even been said, that the country has guided and ruled and sustained itself through this war in spite of him; that, with the misfortune of being a man ignorant of history, and untrained in the world's experience as taught through books, he had the misfortune also of being a man without the clear and definite conviction so important to a great and true leader at such a crisis. To a

great extent, this was the feeling in the earlier part of his presidency. It was a lack which there is reason to believe that Mr. Lincoln himself felt very deeply, and even painfully. We do not speak of it now as a discredit to him, but as one embarrassment of his position which he had nobly overcome. No doubt he had great reliance at bottom on that intuitive and unconscious wisdom which is often clearest when there is little or no help from books. No doubt he relied much on that instinctive sagacity by which a man of the people knows and feels when he is in true sympathy with the people. What we have to see now, and acknowledge with deep gratitude, is the patience, skill, and wisdom that have been steadily developed under the difficult circumstances of these years. In the truest and best sense, Mr. Lincoln has proved himself a very great popular leader, a very wise head and chief of a nation in great peril. In his way, — a way perfectly original, and peculiar to himself, — he proves to have been one of the marked men of our history, perhaps of the world's history; and, with these four years' experience of his quality, probably there is not one man who could point with any confidence to any other man, and say that that man would have been a safer guide, or have done the work of saving the nation any better than he has done it.

There is one thing which has made this revolution we have witnessed a very different matter from the ordinary difficulties and struggles by which nations are tried. The revolution to be wrought was not only a political, but a moral revolution. It had all to be wrought out in the minds and hearts of the people as we went along. And though an intelligent people may travel fast at such a time, yet there is danger, as in the march of a great army, that the van will get out of communication with the rear, and so, great dangerous spaces be left in the ranks. Then how much this danger is increased by the mere scale of things on which the work must be done, — a country so vast in its breadth from east to west, from Atlantic to Pacific shore; so sharply cut by belts of climate and population as you pass from north to south; a population so great and so changing, — the losses by war,

gigantic as they were, being more than made up by immigration; such multitudes of citizens of foreign birth, who had no knowledge of our institutions, and little sympathy with us; such sharp divisions on every point of public policy; such eager dissension and rivalry on all matters of humanity, justice, and public right. Then this war was not a mere rivalry of two great sections; it was not a mere and simple controversy to preserve the national existence and honor: but it had sprung from the shock of moral controversies and ideas. It involved a moral revolution in men's ways of thinking and living. By the appointment of Providence, it carried along with it one of the great social revolutions of all history, — the emancipation of a race in bondage, a change in the whole political, social, and economical condition of four millions of a half-barbarian population. Only when we get a little way off from this turbulent time, in the coming years of quietness and peace, shall we begin to understand how vast is the change we are even now passing through.

Perhaps no man ever felt with a keener and deeper sense of personal responsibility his own position as chief and most responsible actor in such a time. And what, next after the profound and religious sense of duty which has moved him, we have to admire in the late President, is the steady patience with which he has set himself to study and understand the real facts of the time. He has not sought the interpretation of them in books or theories; but he has studied the facts themselves at first hand, or as reflected in the minds of the living actors in them. This enormous and complicated case, involving the institutions, the hopes, the future of a great nation, he has studied with the same careful, resolute, and patient attention which a lawyer gives to a very intricate case in court. Such a case — so vast in its interests, so complicated in its facts, so confused by the passions and prejudices of its witnesses, so august in the tribunal of its decision — was put into the hands of the shrewd, patient, sagacious, and intelligent, but not over-learned, country lawyer, to whom we committed it four years and a half ago. And steadily, month by month, in the best judg-

ment of the world, the nation has been justified in the confidence it twice reposed in him.

Had he the fault of over-leniency and careless trust? For himself, it is too late to answer that question now. And yet it is hard to see how any ordinary prudence of self-protection would have saved him from a plot so deliberately laid and so coolly executed. The murder of that Friday night stands as one of the great crimes of history, — as a crime solitary and unexampled yet in the life of our nation. But, in the particular shape it took, it is hard to see how any greater political severity, or any different dealing with armed and rebellious populations over the border, would have been any defence. It would appear that the danger had been just as great for weeks back, — perhaps for months, — and was no more likely to be shunned in one course of action than another. The one unpardonable thing in the eye of the fanatics and assassins who sought his life has been, that he was the successful head of a nation victorious in its defence from treason. Doubtless there are many at the South, desperate men, homeless, reckless, ruined by the war, their towns and homes devastated by fire, their property gone by pillage, the order of society in which they had bound up their ambitious hope and pride wrecked and overthrown in the storm of this great revolution. Doubtless there are many such, ready for any crime, and hungry only for revenge against those they fancy the authors of their ruin. We might have thought it less strange if the President's life had fallen by the hand of such, rather than by the dissolute and self-willed youth with whom murder was a theatrical ambition and a melodramatic scene. Such crimes are the natural progeny and the curse of war; especially of civil war, in which a man stakes not only some particular interest or fancied honor of his nation, but his life, his home, his property, his all. But it was not from such a source. It was from the impotent, blind, fanatic hate which seeks only vengeance on the head that has brought calamity and defeat to its ambitions and its dreams. For the President there would have been no escape by any excess of severity in dealing with a crushed and defeated population. And therefore

we remember, not in regret, but only with gratitude and honor, the leniency and mercy which he was so anxious to cherish as the heart of all his public policy.

The tragedy of Good Friday has inaugurated a new era of public feeling. A gloomier, sterner temper than has possessed us in the darkest moments of the war pervades these hours of returning and victorious peace. How different it all was up to the time that deadly blow was struck, and how eagerly the popular heart responded to the language of mercy and good-will from the Chief Magistrate of the nation, we have already seen. The contrast is strikingly told in these words of a resolution passed at San Francisco:—

“Before his death, peace was possible. All the atmosphere was filled with generous emotions and kind sympathy. Now, peace means subjugation. God have mercy on the souls of the rebel chiefs!”

We say nothing of the obvious injustice of holding a whole class or population guilty of an act done by a single desperate hand, or even of a plot which must have been shared by many conspirators. Nor do we anticipate what terms of peace are likely to be made or altered, now that the nation's confidence has been so insulted and betrayed. But we note the remarkable fact, that neither defeat, nor delay, nor all the costs and sufferings of this four-years' war, have ever moved the popular heart to so deep a resentment, or to a feeling so near to vindictiveness and revenge. Nothing in these latter days has been more striking than the prompt and eager response to every word that has spoken of treason as a crime, and has denounced the punishment due to those who have assailed the nation's life. Secession and State rights might have been a dangerous doctrine before; but there was at least charity for those who held it in sincerity, and a disposition to forget and forgive what they had been madly led to attempt in support of it. But now that heresy, if not actually regarded as a crime, is looked on no longer as an extenuation and defence of crime. There is even a feeling of half satisfaction, that the rule which has passed from the

merciful and cautious hand of the late President has passed into the grasp of one who has experienced the tender mercies of secession at home, and whose deepest passion and conviction are, that its power must be crushed utterly, and its guilt avenged. These stern words of his, the most distinct and definite since his coming into power, are as clear an echo of the present feeling of the people, as the cautious, scrupulous, and kindly language of his predecessor had been:—

“Every era teaches its lesson. The times we live in are not without instruction. The American people must be taught, if they do not already feel, that treason is a crime, and must be punished; that the Government will not always bear with its enemies; that it is strong not only to protect, but to punish. When we turn to the criminal code, and examine the catalogue of crimes, we there find arson laid down as a crime, with its appropriate penalty. We find there theft and robbery and murder given as crimes. And there, too, we find the last and highest crime of treason with other and inferior offences.

. . . “In our peaceful history, treason has been almost unknown. The people must understand that it is the blackest of crimes, and will be severely punished. I make this allusion not to excite the already exasperated feelings of the public, but to point out the principles of public justice which should guide our action at this public juncture, and which accord with sound public morals. *Let it be engraven on every heart, that treason is a crime, and traitors shall suffer its penalty.*

. . . “I do not harbor bitter or revengeful feelings toward any. In general terms, I would say that public morals and public opinion should be established upon sure and inflexible principles of justice. When the question of exercising mercy comes before me, it will be considered calmly, judicially, remembering that I am the Executive of the nation. I know that men love to have their names spoken of in connection with acts of mercy, and how easy it is to yield to this impulse. But we must not forget, that what may be mercy to an individual is cruelty to the State.”

But we will trust that the sacrifice which the nation has now made, no less than the triumph it has won, will have its perfect work; and that the cause of liberty and mercy, for

which the late beloved President was so willing to die, will be fortified, and not defeated, by his death. We do not forget, as he did not, that we are, we must be, one people, after all; that no policy is a true policy, no peace is a lasting peace, which does not give all encouragement and hope to the defeated, while resolute and stern in its dealing with persistent and obstinate rebellion. It were doing him dishonor, if, for the sake of revenging his death, we were to cherish vengeance and hate against a people so darkly ignorant and so deeply cursed as that to whose malice and wrath he fell a victim; if we were to invite or encourage, by any rash act or word of ours, that period of violence and revenge, which in some countries has followed a period of war,—a shadow of war, even more dark and dreadful than the substance. Public justice must have its way; but only that the field may be more widely open for private charity, for generous patriotism, and for Christian love.

ART. VIII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, says Dr. Schenkel,* every thing promised a healthy development of theological science. But the fresh activity which characterized that period has lost itself in a stagnant pool. The theological faculties are now, for the most part, scions of a dead system; and the men who were then young have placed themselves under the curse of a tradition no better than that which the Redeemer combated with his very blood. Yet the torpor of the teachers has not been reflected by the laity. There has been constantly deepening among them the desire for religious truth and Christian life; and those who now are working for inward and outward self-renewal know well that this truth and life appeared in the person of Jesus Christ, and that the people must ever draw, from their connection with him, the fountain of their peculiar power and true elevation.

Dr. Schenkel has made the Gospels a study for a quarter of a century; but he has published nothing with a view to satisfy the popular craving for a scientific treatment of the sources of the life of Christ,

* Das Characterbild Jesu. Ein biblischer Versuch von Dr. DANIEL SCHENKEL.

on account of his "uncertainties and inward contests," which have finally resulted in the two important opinions that lie at the foundation of this work. The first is, that the Gospel of John is not the work of the apostle, but of one of his school; and that it was written between the years 110-120. This opinion, however, hovered before the mind of the author at the beginning of the period above mentioned. The second conclusion is, that the resemblances of the synoptics may be explained by their common use of an original Gospel composed at Rome by Mark for the heathen mission; that a later hand has thrown the primitive work of Mark into its present order, and made considerable additions; but that we yet possess in it the character of Jesus reflected more clearly than in the others. A proof of the priority and credibility of Mark is this: that his narratives are given with greater liveliness and picturesqueness; that the mythical introduction, the appearances of Christ after his resurrection, and the ascension, are wanting; and that it bears scarcely a trace of the so-called "tendency-writing."

With these data, Dr. Schenkel draws a "Picture of the Character of Christ," considered from a purely humanitarian point of view. But it must be confessed, that the writer's use of his authorities is somewhat capricious. For instance, while he assures us that Mark is chronologically accurate, and, from being written nearer the scene of the history, more trustworthy, he does not hesitate to weave into his work incidents from the other Gospels, to prefer their arrangement, and even to ignore Mark whenever it suits his purpose. Again, in one place he says, that "the fourth Gospel gives up completely the historical ground, and places itself upon a merely speculative standpoint." In another, "the fourth Gospel is an actually historical source for the representation of the character of Jesus, but in a higher, spiritualistic sense of the word. Without this, the unfathomable depth and the unattainable height would be wanting in the picture of the Redeemer."

But though such a free use of the Gospels compels us to regard the author as determined subjectively by his own feelings, and not by sound principles of criticism, no one can fail to be pleased with the admirable spirit with which Dr. Schenkel approaches his work, the skill that he brings to bear, and the reverence that he displays in every line for the person of Jesus. He does not, like Renan, invade or depreciate the moral character of Jesus. Nor does the boldness of his criticisms give him any occasion to do so; for, by rejecting miracles and denying the historical claims of the fourth Gospel, he is relieved from the necessity of accounting for narratives which he cannot consider as founded upon fact.

The devout tone that appears in the excellent introductory section, on the "Personality of Christ, and its Representations up to the Present Time," is maintained throughout, and is of itself sufficient to attract all readers who are so far filled with the spirit of true religion as to appreciate a pious utterance under whatever garb it may appear. Another agreeable feature in the book is the author's knowledge of

the state of the modern mind, and his hearty sympathy with its needs and aspirations. This is shown in the many practical lessons that he draws from Christ's work and teachings. If we add to the preceding recommendations simplicity and vigor of style, and Dr. Schenkel's known ability, we have an assemblage of qualities which can hardly fail to satisfy any expectations that may be raised. To confirm our opinion, we subjoin a translation of the concluding paragraph of a chapter on the Last Supper, in which somewhat novel views are advanced : —

“If Jesus did not exclude from participation in the Last Supper him over whom he cried, ‘Woe!’ and concerning whom he wished that he had ‘never been born,’ it certainly is not for us to drive from the table of the Lord those whom we, in our narrow and short-sighted judgment, consider unworthy ; for Jesus must have felt a deeper pang and a more grievous trouble in permitting the betrayer to take part in the founding of the new covenant. If he overcame that pang, and bore that trouble, it must certainly have been with the wish of preventing the Last Supper from ever becoming a mere ordinance. He demanded from those who partook with him neither a special preparation nor a preceding confession : unconditional freedom was allowed to all. Paul took this view, when he said, ‘Let every one try himself, and so let him eat of the bread and drink of the cup’ (1 Cor. xi. 28). What would Jesus have thought of those who consider agreement to a fixed dogmatic formula as an indispensable condition of participation in this rite? Never in his life had Jesus stood on so venerable a height as at the moment of the institution of this ceremony. With a violent death before his eyes, anticipating neither consolation nor help from his disciples, on account of the weakness of their characters, without the prospect of the victory of his cause among men, with his hopes and expectations driven back upon his heavenly Father, and the truth and power lying at the centre of his life-work ; and then that lofty repose, that quiet resignation, that tender patience with the man who was plotting at that very moment deadly treason ! But a short storm was about to rise in this calmness of mind hitherto undisturbed.”

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

DR. WINSLOW * endeavors to demonstrate what he appears to regard as an essentially new theory of the conformation of the earth's surface, as against the views now generally held by scientific men. “The object of the following discourses is to overthrow these opinions,” — that is, those resting originally on Newton's theory of gravitation as controlling the shape of the earth, and built up by the progress of geological discovery since, — “to place Geology beyond theory, and to establish it, as a science, on solid foundations ; in a word, to Americanize it.” This somewhat ambitious object is supposed to be effected in this pamphlet, consisting of two addresses read before the Boston Society of Natural History ; the first in 1859, the second in January of the current year ; and now “presented to schol-

* “The Cooling Globe ; or, the Mechanics of Geology.” By C. F. WINSLOW, M.D. pp. 63. Walker, Wise, & Co.

ars and thinkers, and intended to be permanent contributions to knowledge."

The first proposition advanced, and the chief one, is that the globe, at the beginning of organic existence on its surface, "was much larger in all its diameters than now." How much larger, we are not told; not even approximately. "Many miles," we are told in one place; "one hundred or three hundred miles," we are rather vaguely told to assume, in another place; and still again, "very much greater;" if fifty miles in the carboniferous era, perhaps then two hundred or three hundred at the very beginning of life. Such mere indefinite guesses, supported too, so far as the discourses show, by no exact data, cannot be accounted of much value as an addition to our knowledge.

But the fact assumed, as we are told, was first conjectured by Leibnitz, and again maintained by Deluc, a century later. We may add, that it is one of the most familiar ideas of all geologists, and does not need any new advocate to urge its claims. In regard to the *amount* of the shrinkage due to radiation, there would doubtless be much difference of opinion, and few to agree with Dr. Winslow. Considering that we know neither the length of time since organic existence began, nor the degree of heat at which such existence could be sustained, it is manifestly impossible to determine the question quantitatively.

But Dr. Winslow makes use of this supposed fact as an argument for his next proposition, which is, in substance, that the inequalities of the earth's surface are due to subsidences, and not to upheavals. His collection of facts to confirm this view is interesting, though not full or exact. Probably no well-informed geologist doubts that subsidence has played an important part in bringing about the present shape of the earth's surface. But no well-informed geologist, we think, will be ready to agree with Dr. Winslow, that the vast mountain chain, which stretches nearly the whole length of the American continent, is simply a relic of the ancient surface, from which all the rest of the continent has fallen away; that the highest peaks of the Andes represent what was once the bottom of the ocean; and that, at the same time, what is now the bottom of the Pacific was as much higher than the Andes as now it is lower. This is simply theory run wild. Processes are actually going on that illustrate the formation of mountain peaks by elevation; and there would be as much reason for a spectator in the army of the Potomac to suppose that the pickets represent what was formerly the main line, from which all but they have fallen back, as to explain the relation of the mountain peaks to the general continental levels in the same way. On the other hand, that the relation of broad table-lands to lower plains is most naturally accounted for by the subsidence of the lower, seems very reasonable, in accordance with known facts, and equally so with familiar and universally received geological data. The phenomena of subsidence on a large scale are actually witnessed from year to year, not exactly in Dr. Winslow's startling style of the sudden caving-in of the roofs of vast subterranean voids, but more in accordance with the quiet

disposition of nature in her important operations, and so as to account for all very extensive changes of level.

Dr. Winslow also uses the shrinking of the earth by radiation, as an explanation of its well-known spheroidal form. Newton has indeed demonstrated that the actual shape of the earth is that which a liquid sphere would assume, having the earth's actual velocity of axial rotation. We may add, too, that if a liquid is to play so important a part in the terrestrial economy as that of water on our planet, the latter must be shaped as the earth is; for only by such a shape is there a virtual level. If the earth were a perfect sphere, rotating as now, all the ocean would be heaped up at its equatorial region. The fact that the great body of water does reach, in one unbroken expanse, from pole to pole, shows that nature and mathematics agree; and that the shape of the earth is that which would be assumed by a liquid globe having the same motion. We say "from pole to pole," because the Antarctic continent does not affect the truth of the symmetry of the earth's hemispheres in any such degree as to impair either the accuracy of the statement of fact, or the mathematical reasoning. But Dr. Winslow asserts, that the oblateness of the earth's shape, or the flattening of the poles, is not the result of rotation, but of the "falling-in of surface somewhere." Sir Isaac Newton's theory is "an error, and unworthy of further consideration among geologists." The agreement of the earth's form with the deductions of mathematicians "can only be accidental." An accident of a wonderful kind, let us admit.

Lastly, Dr. Winslow urges a more or less frequent change of the earth's axis of rotation as the effect of the sudden subsidences which play so large a part in his scheme, and as the explanation of the variations of climate indicated by the remains of past ages, such as the drift and grooved rocks of the glacial period, and the remains of a tropical fauna and flora in what are now polar regions. This is no new hypothesis, nor do we find in these discourses any new grounds for accepting it. A long series of geological studies, reaching a far more exhaustive examination than has yet been effected of the deposits which mark past eras, and of the range and relations to any supposed pole of the glacial indications, may, at some future time, give a satisfactory solution of this question. We do not see that our knowledge on any of these points is essentially increased by these discourses. They form an undoubtedly earnest and interesting *résumé* of some geological speculations and facts, but will hardly go far towards the end suggested at the conclusion, namely, "to raise Geology to the high rank it ought to occupy, and establish it upon solid foundations as an exact science."

It was an ingenious idea of Mr. Eli Bowen, "Professor of Geology," — in what institution we are not informed, — that by cramming into one duodecimo volume of four hundred and ninety-four pages all his speculations upon Geology, Astronomy, Natural History, Biblical Exegesis, and various other subjects, and labelling it "Coal, and Coal

Oil," * he might not only turn the great speculation of the day into account as a stalking-horse for his pet theories, but make even the mammon of unrighteousness do service in the imperilled cause of the "Six Days of Creation" and the Noachian Deluge. So he has embellished the outside of the book with remarkable gilt figures, representing a barrel of oil and a derrick, while the inside contains a few pages upon the subject of Petroleum, as well as the Plesiosaurus, the Old Red Sandstone, the Colonization of America by the Northmen, Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, Glaciers, Mr. Pickwick, and cognate topics, besides a good many extracts from "Paradise Lost."

Out of all this multiplicity of subjects, there is none which the author dwells upon with such relish and complacency as Noah's Ark, the capacity and practicability of which he defends with spirit against "the characteristic special pleading" of Mr. Hugh Miller and others. "The whole premises of these distinguished Christian-doubters," he says, "can be demolished with a single word: if the flood was only *partial*, and confined (as they allege) to a small area, where was the *necessity of the ark*? Why could not God have removed Noah and his family, and the animals of the earth, to the adjacent districts or continents that *remained unsubmerged*?"—"I confess I have no respect either for the learning or the religious integrity of such men." In this heroic temper Mr. Bowen proceeds. He scorns to call to his assistance any theory so akin to Darwinism as that the number of species has increased since Noah's days "by climate, external circumstances, and the controlling exigencies of necessity."—"We despise any such pretexts or subterfuges, and should still rely on the abundant capacities of the ark to accommodate them all, if the number of species were twice as great as is now claimed." Here, then, is his argument:—

"A difficulty has been suggested as to how the animals came to Noah; but, if the other end of the proposition were presented, there would be no difficulty at all. The animals did *not* come to Noah; Noah went to *them*. His orders were specific, and he obeyed them. But how? Did he or his agents wander over the earth, armed with spears and lasso and traps to hunt down and capture the animals? or, like a man of sense, taking a practical view of the enterprise committed to him, did he merely seek the *young* of each species, and arrange them in a general cosmopolitan menagerie, to be trained to the voyage they were to undergo. We have no right to suppose that Noah was an ignorant simple-minded old man; on the contrary, he was eminent for his wisdom and virtue. Being a man of practical sense, therefore, his obvious policy was to obtain *young animals*: *first*, because they would be more tractable; *second*, because they would occupy less space in the ark; *third*, because they would not encumber the ark with brood; and *fourth*, because their powers of recuperation would afterward be superior to those of adult animals; and, *fifth*, because they would require less forage for their keeping. Would not the cubs of the bear, the lion, the tiger, the ele-

* "Coal and Coal Oil; or, the Geology of the Earth. Being a Popular Description of Minerals and Mineral Combustibles." By ELI BOWEN, Professor of Geology. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306, Chestnut Street.

phant, rhinoceros, the calves of the herd, the camels and horses, and the young of all quadrupeds, answer his purpose *better*, in every point of view, than the full-grown animals? Would snakes a week old not suffice as well (or rather better) than boas and vipers *twenty feet in length*? Was it necessary to fill his ark with antiquated oxen and elephants and camels, that had done service in the plough or the caravan? Must he select poor old spavined horses, toothless lions and tigers and bears, when the little cubs would best correspond with the object of his mission? The idea is too absurd to be entertained."

So, after a declaration that "we cannot assume to understand the real interior plan or structure of the ark," there follows an elaborate description of its probable arrangement, — the stalls, the alleys, the apartments, the ranges, and the nine feet remaining for the bird-cages, after "allowing a height of eleven feet for all the stalls of the animals." And thus are provided accommodations for 32,320 animals; "and yet not more than one-fortieth part of the tonnage capacity of the ark is thus far occupied."

After this triumphant defence of the abused patriarch, our author will certainly be judged to have earned a right to speak of Sir Charles Lyell as follows: "It is absolutely sickening to me to dwell longer on this branch of the subject! I blush for the credulity and *stupidity* of a world that can swallow such absurdities, when their sole object and unavoidable tendency is to *undermine, and bring into contempt*, the holy word of the great Jehovah! But, alas! *ce monde est plein de fous!*" and so on.

We have spent more time upon this book than its importance would warrant, because it is, unfortunately, an example of a style of discussion which has already brought too much discredit upon American scholarship and science. Abuse is not argument; assertion is not argument; appeal to vulgar prejudices is not argument. Neither will any amount of raving about the authority of Scripture impugn the reasoning of real geologists. We would respect the genuine religious opinions and feelings of any one, however baseless and absurd they may seem to us; but a man who appears to think that religion consists in blindly clinging to the letter of Scripture, and who is dishonest enough to give a lying title to his book for the purpose of making it sell, deserves no consideration.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

WE find but little addition to make to the views which we have already expressed at some length* regarding Mr. Ward's labor of love in the biography of many of his contemporaries.†

In this fourth edition which Mr. Ward published just before his death, last summer, he has somewhat enlarged the number of bio-

* Christian Examiner. Vol. xxxiii. p. 259.

† "The Journal and Letters of Samuel Curwen, an American in England, from 1775 to 1783; with an Appendix of Biographical Sketches." By GEORGE ATKINSON WARD. Fourth Edition.

graphical notices. With just pride, he quotes a complimentary, but very fair, allusion to Curwen's Diary, from Dickens's "Household Words" of 1853. A London critic looked upon the toryism of the Revolution more leniently than we have ever done; and his expressions with regard to Judge Curwen's timidity were rather more mild than our own were, or could have been expected to be.

A diary well kept in England through our Revolutionary war would itself have a very curious interest to a people like ourselves, who, till lately, were always asking, like the king of Dahomey, "what they said of us in England." Indeed, as the "Household Words" has shown, there is no diary of that time yet published, which gives us so much which we want to know of the tone of society in many circles in England, and of many matters quite outside of politics. Such are, for instance, Wesley's preaching, the introduction of canal navigation, or the beginnings of the steam-engine. The account of the Gordon riots is an independent account by an eye-witness. Here come in Mr. Thackeray's heroes, the same who crossed the path of Denis Duval; — Curwen went to see the Chevalier De la Motte hanged. Here is the first notice which we remember in print of the successful instruction of deaf mutes in intelligible articulation. This is a notice of the Braidwoods' success at Edinburgh, which was called to Curwen's attention as early as February, 1781. There are very curious descriptions of the distinguished men of the time, as this poor refugee saw them through the various key-holes of an exile's life.

This is the sort of life which Mr. Jefferson Davis is to lead, — to hang about one Leicester Square or another, and call it home; to be the centre of a group of refugees whose mutual bickerings will be more bitter, and whose numbers will grow less and less as different feuds divide them; to be a lion for a few weeks in the London or Paris which he selects for the Bastille of his life-long imprisonment, and then, as the world gets a new wonder, to be forgotten even by those who at first were curious to see the greatest of traitors; to receive for a few years the visits of one and another young Hotspur with preposterous plans of some new rising of the States which are so glad to get rid of him, — and then steadily and inexorably to be forgotten; and to have to appease the passion for excitement by taking tea at the Ranelagh or Vauxhall of the place, or going to see the execution of its particular villain. This process of exile, this becoming small by degrees and miserably less, till a man is forgotten by everybody but her who has shared his ambition and his fall, is a more bitter punishment than it would be to have a knot of prisoners staggering out from starvation meet him in his flight, and wreak their vengeance on him by swinging him in the fashion of his own country by a grape-vine up to the nearest "apple-tree." And every detail of this punishment may be studied in the picture of the exile of the tories of a hundred years ago.

But their crime was not the same as his. Indeed, they were not guilty of crime excepting in that view in which all weakness is crime. Samuel Curwen is the type of the men of whom we have too many,

who have no faith. And he is a very good illustration of the utter want of power (*imbecility* the Latins called it; they said such people had no sticks), — the utter want of power of men who do not believe in the people. Curwen was an amiable sort of man in his little way. His nominative cases seem to have governed his verbs; his wristbands seem to have been well starched and plaited, and all the minor proprieties of a finite life to have been well observed with him. There are sometimes whole centuries in which such men appear not to do any great harm in the world, probably do none if we are kind enough to forget the awful delay which comes in somewhere, because for their life long they do no good. But, when there comes one of these hurricanes, such as we are living in now, ships without good ground-tackle are blown to sea very quick, and are very seldom heard of again. And so poor Curwen — who had very great confidence in His Majesty's commission, considerable confidence in the officers of his own court, but, alas! had none in the good sense, the courage, and the integrity of a people trained under the best social and religious systems the world had tried — found there was no place for him in their agonies, and had to betake himself, instead, to a refugee's life in coffee-houses, and to going to tea-gardens and public hangings for the sake of getting rid of his time.

Virtuous people are very apt to tell us, that, when we have written any thing, we should lay it aside ten years until we print it. It is undoubtedly true that such delay gives a full opportunity for correction, and, as our modern Nestor says, “for leaving out all the *fine* passages.” But we have never seen the advantage of keeping a thing ten years, if, at the end of the time, you choose to publish it without correcting it. Mr. Ward — who in many regards was the most loving and faithful of editors, and worked away on his charming book as if it were the only book in the world — seems to have loved his work so well that he could not bear to reconsider it. Here is, for instance, the original biography of Lord Cornwallis, as it re-appears in this new edition: —

“CORNWALLIS, CHARLES, *Marquis*,¹ *Commander of the British Army in America*,² surrendered at Yorktown, Oct. 19, 1781; an event which brought the war to a close.³ *In 1790 he was Governor-General of India*, and, by his victories in the war with Tippoo Saib, acquired high reputation.³ *Again* was he appointed, in 1805, Governor of India; where he died, at Ghazepore, Oct. 5. He married, in 1768, Miss Jones, a lady of large fortune,⁴ *who is said to have died of a broken heart, in consequence of his engaging in the American war*. He published an answer to the ‘Narrative of Sir Henry Clinton.’ 1783.”

In this instance, since the last edition of Curwen's Life, the Letters of Lord Cornwallis have been published, so that the old note on his name might have been either corrected or omitted. But Mr. Ward reproduces it without any change. Only four of the statements in it are true. The other four, which we have marked in Italics, are deceptive or wholly untrue. We have numbered them in copying them, that we may add these notes: —

1. Lord Cornwallis was *Earl*, when he commanded in America: he was not made Marquis till 1792.

2. He never commanded the British army in America, but now one, and now another, division of it. It was the Southern Division which he commanded and surrendered.

3. These passages imply that he was appointed to India in 1790, and again in 1805. In truth, he was appointed in 1786, having twice before declined the appointment, and remained in India till 1793. He was again appointed in 1805, so that verbally Mr. Ward's last statement is correct.

4. What a broken heart is, it is hard to say. Lady Cornwallis fell ill during her husband's first visit to America. He returned home in consequence. She died while he was in England, and it was in consequence of her death that he returned to America.

THE "Historische Zeitschrift,"* founded and edited by Heinrich Von Sybel, is doubtless the ablest and most comprehensive journal in the world devoted to the special department of knowledge which its title indicates. Of Sybel himself we have already spoken, in alluding to the work by which he established his reputation as one of the foremost historians of Germany. And his later career in the Parliament of Prussia is but adding another proof to many, that the best scholar does not make the worst politician.

Issued quarterly, in numbers of about three hundred octavo pages each, the work makes two volumes annually, each number containing four articles, and a review of the historical literature of the preceding year,—to us, in many respects, the most useful, indeed indispensable feature, not to be overrated for the thoroughness and justness of its criticism,—distributed under various heads, such as the History of the World, Ancient History, General History of the Middle Age, German Provincial History, England, France, Italy, America, &c. Of the character and extent of the historical research of the year, one obtains therefore, in this way, a complete catalogue and a careful analysis. Of many books the titles only are given; of those of greater worth and general interest, there are critical or explanatory notices, upon which, in the main, entire reliance is to be placed, contributed as they are by writers whose daily studies are directed to the subjects of the works they criticise. In the selection of historical works for public libraries or for private use, it is a guide at once practical and scientific.

The existence of such a journal is in some degree significant of the exhaustive research and the deeper thought of the age. *Le caractère du xix^e siècle, c'est la critique*, says Rénan. In the vast domain of material science there is recognized at last another kingdom,—MAN.

* Historische Zeitschrift. Herausgegeben von HEINRICH VON SYBEL, o. ö. Professor der Geschichte an der rheinischen Friedrich Wilhelm's Universität zu Bonn. Sechster Jahrgang, 1864. München: Literarisch-artistische Anstalt der J. G. Cotta'schen Buchhandlung.

The masterpieces in historical composition which the Greeks left us, lost to view in the centuries of ignorance which accompanied the decline of the Roman Empire, shone forth again, with all their old lustre, at the revival of learning in Italy. But it needed the long interval which separated the age of Constantine from that of Machiavelli, to enable men to take that single step in the conception of the true office of historical study which marks the modern time. To the Greek mind, touched by that divine instinct which guides a race to the extreme development in philosophy and art possible within the limits of its civilization, there was in the study of history a certain tragic element, a certain poetic inspiration. The myths they loved to repeat, and the dramas they crowded to see, were to the Greeks the expression, as it were, of this sentiment of communion between the seen and the unseen, — of this craving to trace in earthly events the presence of a divine intelligence. The idea of fate, mysterious, unutterable, certain, which haunted the Greek philosophy, was but the dim perception of historical sequence, — of the laws profound, harmonious, mystical, which underlie the world of matter and make the world of thought. But the method of historical study, with a nation so given to the beauty of form, could not be otherwise than objective. The plastic mind of the Greek moulded a history as his hands fashioned a statue, — full of beauty and of thought, but always a creation of art, not a discovery of science. And the Greek method ruled the world till the Christian ideal displaced it with the biblical traditions of Eusebius and the theological conceits of Jerome.

Nothing, indeed, indicates better the ignorance and the apathy, the dark, rude groping of the mediæval time, than its narrow conception of the character and uses of history. The teaching of Jerome, that in the prophecy of Daniel are indicated four empires of the world, — Assyrian, Median, Greek, and, lastly, the Roman, “which now possesses the earth, and is to last to the end of the days,” — oppressed the world like a nightmare for a thousand years; domineering even over the better-instructed mind of Otto von Freysing, whose consolation, however, it was, that the empire of Rome had passed into the hands of the Germans. The childish fancy of the Middle Age, encouraged by its controlling theological tendencies, that the history of the world centred in that of the Hebrews as prophetic or preparatory of Christianity which betokened the final consummation it was speedily to witness, colors all its chronicles and confuses all its thought. It was not till the appearance of the great Italian historians that this ecclesiastical conceit was banished, and historical science, emancipated from a corrupting bondage, was enabled to take a broader range. But with the study of the ancient masterpieces came the zeal for imitation, — the tendency to substitute art for science. From Machiavelli to Macaulay, this slavish influence is found everywhere, to narrow and lower the study of history, to separate it from learning, and to ally it with rhetoric. Thus isolated and limited, its office misconceived, its purpose degraded, it is not surprising to find it denied a place among the sciences of which it is the grand head and synthesis. For to the

study of it, properly understood, all knowledge contributes. The plan of the universe, the Kosmos, which modern science is attempting to construct, — as if outside of man there was a world not related to him, apart from his life, passive, changeless, automatic, — this is the task of history, — not art or fancy, but knowledge of the ages which are gone, of the principles they reveal, if but a solitary truth in a thousand years of crowded, tumultuous being; gathering the results of all observation, of the nature and age of the ground we tread, of the number and splendor of the stars we gaze at, marshalling all facts, grasping all laws.

Manifestly, if but slowly, the age is working out this final emancipation of historical study alike from the prejudices of ignorance and the bigotry of dogmas, from materialism and from scepticism. With that deep insight and in that philosophical spirit which characterize their nation, the Germans have already indicated a livelier conception, are already striving for a profounder realization, of the modern idea of history. Their many efforts to accomplish a universal history, from the *Chronicle of Carion*, — substantially the work of Melancthon, — or the *Compendium* of Johannes Sleidanus, to the last edition of Müller or Schlosser, are but the tokens of this craving to trace the connection of human events, to ascertain or to demonstrate the progress of mankind, clouded so often by the centuries it demands, and the lives it consumes; while in other countries also appears, here and there, some solitary thinker, rending asunder the bond of habit, as he catches a glimpse of newer ideas and of vaster fields. The philosophy of history is but history itself better understood, — something more than, as Dionysius of Halicarnassus was the first to say, philosophy teaching by examples.

It is too early, doubtless, to attempt to forecast the results of research, or even to suggest a theory as to the influence of external causes, and the development of mental power. What is wanted is not new speculations, but a new method, — a total alteration in the treatment of history, not chronicles, or displays of rhetoric, or dramatic effect. The world is waiting for another Bacon and a second Organon. Yet that men should have clung so long to the old formulas is not surprising, if we consider the vast masses of fact which another method would compel them to re-arrange. It is a Herculean task, but not beyond the strength of an age like ours, fitted alike by its knowledge and freedom and faith to undertake it. Criticism of the past is, to begin with, more than half its history. Among us, purified by the trials of the times, taught by a terrible experience the hollowness of material success unconsecrated by purer aims, the aspirations of thinking men for a better interpretation of the past, for a newer method, instinct with fresher life, can never be indifferent. For it is for us, above all others, to recognize in history that divine intelligence, that saving power, that harmony of law, that freedom so measureless, that progress so sure, through which alone can come the reconciliation of philosophy and religion.

THE criticisms of so able a scholar as Döllinger* upon the fables which have crept into the history of the Church touching the existence and character of several of its heads cannot fail to receive from the few who care to make a thorough study of the subject the attention which their independence deserves, if not the acquiescence which their learning may command. The history of the Church was for a long period the history not only of Rome but of the world. And as the temporal possessions of the Pope increased, and their temporal power was strengthened, the temptation was inevitable to use their spiritual weapons to fight their earthly battles. To lay bare, therefore, the purposes for which fictions like those of the Donations of Constantine and the Isidorian Decretals were framed, as well as the manner in which they were spread abroad, is one of the imperative duties, as well as one of the difficult tasks of the historian. And no Catholic writer is perhaps better fitted for the work than Döllinger, uniting as he does the exhaustive industry of the German scholar to the inquiring temper and reforming tendencies of the modern theologian. The little book he has now published is the fruit of the studies he has been prosecuting for a greater work upon the history of the Papacy.

Although diverse in origin and character, the fables he explodes have, nevertheless, had a considerable effect upon the opinions of the Middle Age, upon its poetry and jurisprudence, as well as its theology. But the only one of general interest to us, perhaps, is that which relates to the Papess Johanna, of whom we had occasion to speak in an article in a former number.† The others involve, for the most part, points of learning which it would carry us beyond our limits to explain the bearing of.

Of the interpretation of Gfrörer, we have already given an account. Döllinger's criticism upon it is very brief. It can excite only a smile, he says, from every student of the Middle Age; and, moreover, of the purpose of Leo IV. to enter into more intimate relations than was fitting with the Byzantines, there is no trace whatever in the records of the time. It is a pure hypothesis of Gfrörer's, which again is used by him to confirm his interpretation of the fable.

But all explanations hitherto made, fail from the fact that the fable arose at a much later period, when the recollection of the events and condition of the ninth and tenth centuries had for the most part faded out. It may, perhaps, have existed in the popular tradition somewhat earlier, but it was not till the middle of the thirteenth century that it appeared in definite form; a fact which the recent *exploitation* of mediæval manuscripts has put beyond doubt. It was thought, for instance, that Marianus Scotus was the first who mentioned the fable; but in the Pertz collection of old texts, edited by Waitz, it appears

* Die Papst — Fabeln des Mittelaltars. Ein Beitrag zur Kirchengeschichte. Von JOHN. JOS. IGN V. DÖLLINGER. Zweite unveränderte Auflage. München: 1863. Literarisch-artistische Anstalt der J. G. Cotta'schen Buchhandlung.

† See Christian Examiner for September, 1863.

that he knew nothing of it; and so with several other texts. But it would take too long to give the various steps by which Döllinger reaches his conclusion. The fact which he claims to have established is, that it was about the year 1240 or 1250 that the fable first appeared in historical writings, — the passage in Martinus Polonus, which is generally cited to establish its earlier existence being proved by Döllinger to be an interpolation.

But now, how to explain the origin of the fable? Four things, says Döllinger, combined to create it. First, the use of a chair without a seat to it, used in the consecration of the Pope; second, a stone with an inscription, which they took for a mural monument; third, a statue bearing the figure of a child, and clothed in a dress which they took to be that of a woman, found on the same spot with the stone; and, fourth, the custom, on occasion of processions between the Lateran and the Vatican, of avoiding a certain street.

The *chair* was selected from one of the ancient public baths of Rome for the beauty of its color and form, and was used for the Popes to rest on; it was accidental that it lacked a seat; but the people, ignorant of its origin, explained that fact by assuming that it was designed for the examination necessary to prevent the repetition of the scandal of a female Pope. The *inscription* on the stone was *Pap. or Parc. Pater Patrum, P. P. P.*, which they could only translate *Parce Pater Patrum, papissæ prodere partum*. But it was probably nothing but a relic of the old worship of Mithras, who bore the title of *Pater Patrum*, erected by one *Papirius*, possibly, in token of some solemn service, at his own expense: *propriâ pecuniâ posuit*. The *statue* had a palm branch in its hand, and probably represented a priest with one of the boys who aided in the service in its arms, or else a pagan goddess; but the flowing garments and the figure of the boy, led the credulous to imagine it to be a statue of a mother with her child. And, finally, the street which they avoided in the processions, between the Lateran and the Vatican, represented in the fable as being the one in which the Papess had given birth to a child, was avoided simply on account of its narrowness.

That the Papess was represented as English, may be explained, perhaps, by the fact, that, at the time the fable appeared, there were angry contentions between Innocent III. and King John, and England was looked upon as a power hostile to the Holy See; hence the added disgrace of her coming from England. And as to the other version, that Mainz was her birth-place, it is to be recollected that the fable arose at the period of the great struggles between the German Empire and the Papacy, and that Mainz was the most important city of the Germans. So that to represent her, as the latest versions did, as born in Mainz, of English parents, was to combine all that was scandalous. That she studied at Athens is to be explained by the fact, that, in those days, there were only two ways of rising in the world; one by piety, the other by knowledge. They could not claim much piety for their Papess, and so they made her learned, and represented her as having studied at Athens; for though for a thousand

years no one had gone there from the West for that purpose, the popular belief was still strong, that nobody could be called educated who had not been taught in its schools.

After this feat of interpretation, who is to gainsay Döllinger?

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

A HUNGARIAN scholar, after residing in Constantinople long enough to acquire the Turkish language and be at home in Mohammedan worship, undertakes to visit as a Dervish pilgrim the most barbarous, unknown, and inaccessible portion of Central Asia; and succeeds entirely, though with the certainty of a horrible death if discovered, and the hourly experience of suffering in every form.* The purpose he announces is to settle, by a knowledge of the living languages, the degree of affinity between the Hungarian and Turco-tartaric dialects; and so determine whether his native tongue sprang from the Finnish or Tartaric branch of the Altaic.

In his perilous journeys, always in danger of being enslaved by raving marauders, or torn to pieces by his companions as an impostor, if discovered; often in danger of perishing by thirst, and of never returning to Europe by failure of means; constrained, too, to avoid the appearance of a European inquisitiveness, and to forego many an opportunity of noting down what he saw, — M. Vámbéry has laid all geographical students under the deepest obligations by a narrative faithful, minute, crowded with incident and unsurpassed in interest.

As orders had been issued to prevent any Europeans from penetrating this wretched country in disguise, and the Hungarian was marked out from his Hadji companions by his fair complexion, he was frequently suspected and narrowly watched; so that his journal has the excitement of a double peril: escaping the roving robbers whose purpose was to catch slaves, the authorities under whose protection he lived might feel bound to make a terrible example of the disguised emissary of some foreign power. The monotonous dreariness of the country through which he travelled but a few miles a day, the wretched and half-ruined condition of its principal towns, the disgusting history of its guerilla warfare, the utter barbarism of its various tribes, needed this element of danger to sustain the reader's interest. Besides this general conviction of the hopeless misery of a vast section of Central Asia lying east of the Caspian Sea, M. Vámbéry shows, that, while China has no influence whatever on its neighbor to the north-west, Russia is rapidly extending its trade and making its power felt among these fierce nomades; so that there is no "tent in all Central Asia where there is not some article of Russian manufacture," while the other European governments are practically unknown.

* Travels in Central Asia, from Teheran across the Turkoman Desert to Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand. By ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY. London: Murray. 1864. New York: Harper & Brother.

MR. BRYANT'S introductory notice explains Mrs. Williams's position in China as the wife of the American Commissioner at Swatow, and therefore favored with peculiar opportunities of information regarding a country daily coming into closer relations with our own.* But "*A Year in China*" does not gratify at all one's desire for increased acquaintance with the Celestial Empire. From ill health perhaps, or from indisposition to this kind of knowledge, her book leaves the vague impression of a mere passing glimpse at the seashore of a country whose interior she made no attempt to penetrate. The intelligence we had gained at other hands seems to melt away in hers. Chapter after chapter flows on pleasantly enough, showing (as was very proper in the original form of letters to her mother) natural timidity and nervous sensibility, but not evincing any desire to become acquainted with the resources of a vast empire, or unveil to us its clouded future. A large part of the volume is taken up with her voyage; from which we learn, at the expense of some hours, that the writer is subject to sea-sickness, dislikes storms, and feels the dreariness more than the beauty of the ocean. The only enemy she did not dread, as often happens to apprehensive natures, overtook her in the shape of the pirate "Florida." Her innocence is really amusing in expecting that her rich Canton purchases would be spared by the Confederate freebooters. Capt. Maffit did not put himself to the trouble of chasing Yankee vessels for whole days, without expecting to be paid by the fattest of the spoil. To have made the discrimination she expected, between what belonged to the cargo and what to the passengers, would have been very becoming in a war between two civilized powers, but altogether inconsistent with the systematic brutality to prisoners, the wanton destruction of private property, the cold-blooded massacres of surrendered troops, practised by the pretended chivalry of the South. Capt. Maffit seems to have been no worse and no better than his fellows. He did his dirty work with no needless harshness; he robbed like a gentleman; he stripped a defenceless woman nearly to her skin with consummate politeness; he filled her ears with appalling tales of the destitution in the Northern States; and, when he parted with her, said, "God bless you" with all the grace of his Methodist father.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Governor of Massachusetts in recommending, and the Legislature in establishing, our Board of State Charities,† have added new lustre to the Commonwealth, and afforded another proof, that in war

* *A Year in China*. By Mrs. H. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, with a note by W. C. Bryant. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1864.

† First Annual Report of the Board of State Charities; to which are added the Reports of the Secretary, and the General Agent of the Board. January, 1865. Boston: Wright & Potter, State Printers. Public Document, No. 19.

Special Report on Prisons and Prison Discipline, made under authority of the Board of State Charities. By the Secretary of the Board. Boston: Wright & Potter, State Printers. 1865. Senate, No. 74.

all the thoughts, arts, and aims of peace, are not to be forgotten. The Board of State Charities was established in the session of 1863, two years after the breaking-out of the rebellion. The powers of the Board, as defined by law, are of three kinds, — of investigation and supervision, of recommendation, and of execution. Our limits oblige us to refer the reader to their reports for information regarding the penal and charitable institutions under their care, contenting ourselves with the quotation of these principal recommendations : —

“I. That the State ought not to establish any more institutions to be exclusively supported from the public treasury ; but rather, when new necessities arise, provide for them by assisting private charity, or the municipal organizations.

“II. That the institutions now existing ought to be made more uniform in their management, more active in their co-operation, and more economical in their system of purchases, and the whole detail of their financial transactions.

“III. That, in order to secure this end, they should be brought into closer relations with a central Board of Control and Inspection, similar to that established in New York, separate from the city government, for the management of the public institutions of that city.

“IV. That there should be a separate Inspector, or Board of Inspectors, for all the prisons of the Commonwealth, with power to effect economy in the expenditures, and reform in the discipline thereof.

“V. That there should be provision made, for annual reports to the Legislature, of the private and municipal institutions of charity and reform, and an effort made to methodize the private as well as the public almsgiving.”

The Board append a few special recommendations, which, we are happy to add, will undoubtedly, with many other similar suggestions hereafter, receive the favorable consideration of the Legislature.

The remainder of the first volume, published in the name of the Board, is devoted to a very elaborate and truly excellent Report, by Mr. Sanborn, their Secretary.

We pass it by, however, to dwell only upon the general conclusions reached by the Secretary, in his own special and supplementary Report on prisons and discipline : —

I. PENAL DISCIPLINE.

“(1.) The imprisonment of children under ten years of age should be forbidden by statute ; and restraint and instruction in Reformatories be substituted for it.

“(2.) The number of offences punished by fines should be diminished, and definite imprisonment for a longer or shorter period be substituted.

“(3.) Habitual offenders should receive sentences double or treble those now given.

“(4.) Conditional remission of punishment for good conduct in prison should be made more important, and regulated by a scale of marks similar to those used in Ireland.

“(5.) There should be a better oversight of discharged convicts.

II. PRISON DISCIPLINE.

“Perhaps the two last-named provisions should come under this head ; but I wish to confine this strictly to the management of prisons.

"(1.) Separate prisons should be established for females, for boys, and for incorrigible offenders.

"(2.) The number of our prisons should be reduced for the sake of economy and efficiency; and they should all be placed under the oversight of a single Board of Inspectors, or, better still, a single Inspector.

"(3.) Classification of the prisoners should be made on moral grounds; and, while good conduct should promote a convict, ill conduct should degrade his rank, and detain him longer in prison.

"(4.) Labor in our prisons should be systematized, and the convicts should be allowed a slight interest in its profits.

"(5.) Instruction should be made much more thorough, and the office of chaplain more important.

"(6.) The prison fare should be reduced to the lowest point consistent with health, not so much for economy, as to allow room for additional rewards to sincere penitence and good behavior.

"(7.) The prison officers should be selected with reference to the reformation of the prisoners; and all who have forgotten, or have never learned, that human nature within and without a prison is essentially the same, that reformation is always possible, and that the mercy of God is not suspended by a sentence of the court, should at once be discharged. If our prisons were consolidated, it would be unnecessary to fill their places; for they are not very numerous."

In connection with this topic, we would remark, that the second volume of Miss Carpenter's work, "*Our Convicts*," has reached this country, and has been freely used in the preparation of Mr. Sanborn's excellent Report. We refer to his pages for a full sketch of the Irish Penal System, to which Miss Carpenter chiefly devotes her last volume.

ONE curious effect of the war is its influence on the current literature of the day. While a master of his art, like Hawthorne, could lend a romantic charm to the metaphysics of an old and broken flower-pot, the rank and file of pen-drivers are obliged to re-enforce the weakness of their treatment by the interest of their subject. The numerous class of ephemeral writers, near the head of which Mr. Trowbridge stands, have found in this war a great field for their labors.*

The scene of the book before us — which constitutes its most interesting feature, and the one most likely to attract the sympathies of the reader — is laid in Tennessee. The time — the next strongest point — is the winter of 1862-63. The burden of the story consists of the wonderful fortunes of a young soldier, with accompanying episodes and interludes; and we are treated to a prodigality of marvellous adventure and escape, which almost makes the head reel. Every one, of course, is willing to allow the romancer a wide margin of glorious chances; but the line of destiny sticks out painfully all through the book, and no two of his figures, however far apart when they started, or however deeply hidden in the woods, can help stumbling upon each other if either of them is in need of a friend.

* *The Three Scouts*. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE, author of "*Cudjo's Cave*," "*The Drummer Boy*," etc. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1865.

The wit of "The Three Scouts" consists chiefly in the distorted spelling of most of the conversations in it. When used to give a finish to a humorous piece, this irregular spelling is not unpleasant; but, when it takes the place of humor or wit, the result is painful, especially when drawn out unmercifully through three or four hundred pages, and clumsily done, as in this book. There are no such delicate touches in giving a peculiar dialect as we meet sometimes in Dr. Holmes's writings, or as are found in the "Biglow Papers." Fellow becomes "feller;" hinder is "hender;" you, "ye," &c.; and one or two such spellings leaven a sentence. Although this book is full of the most thrilling scenes, in all of which the characters discourse at length, the tone of the whole is commonplace; while the ingenuity displayed in the lavish variety of incident is marred by the constant recourse to a lucky meeting, with which our author usually flanks a difficulty, and which, like an iron rod thrust through the story, connects, but stiffens it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

A View of the Evidences of Christianity. In three parts. By William Paley. With Annotations by Richard Whately. New York: James Miller. 8vo. pp. 407.

Morning Lectures. Twenty Discourses delivered before the Friends of Progress in the City of New York, in the Winter and Spring of 1863. By Andrew Jackson Davis. New York: C. M. Plumb & Co. 18mo. pp. 434.

Religious Duty. By Frances Power Cobbe. Boston: William V. Spencer. 12mo. pp. 326.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Annals of the American Unitarian Pulpit; or, Commemorative Notices of Distinguished Clergymen of the Unitarian Denomination in the United States, from its Commencement to the Close of the Year 1855. With an Historical Introduction. By William B. Sprague, D.D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 578.

Three Years in the Army of the Potomac. By Henry N. Blake. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 319.

History of the Romans under the Empire. By Charles Merivale. Vol. VII. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 569. (The work, as now completed, "embraces what may be loosely designated as the constitutional period of the Roman monarchy, extending from the graceful primacy of Pompeius to the barbarian despotism of the son of Aurelius.")

History of Julius Cæsar. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 463. (Louis Napoleon's History; to be reviewed in July.)

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Physical Geography of the Holy Land. By Edward Robinson. A Supplement to the late Author's "Biblical Researches in Palestine." Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 8vo. pp. 399.

Cape Cod. By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 24mo. pp. 252.

Travels in Central Asia; Being the Account of a Journey from Teheran across the Turkoman Desert on the Eastern Shore of the Caspian to Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand. Performed in the Year 1863. By Arminius Vámbéry, member of the Hungarian Academy of Pesth, by whom he was sent on this scientific mission. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 493. (See p. 457.)

NOVELS AND TALES.

Vanity Fair; a Novel without a Hero. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With illustrations by the Author. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo. 3 vols. pp. 350, 354, 346. (A very elegant library edition, tinted paper.)

Too Strange not to be True. A Tale. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 276.

Tony Butler. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 257.

Christian's Mistake. By the author of "John Halifax." New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 260.

The Hillyars and the Burtons. A Story of Two Families. By Henry Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 419.

The Thinking Bayonet. By James K. Hosmer. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co. 12mo. pp. 326.

Husbands and Homes. By Marion Harland. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 390.

Luttrell of Arran. By Charles Lever. pp. 223.

Uncle Silas; a Tale of Bertram Haugh. By J. S. Le Fanu. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 159.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Remarks on the Sonnets of Shakspeare; with the Sonnets. Showing that they belong to the Hermetic class of writings, and explaining their general meaning and purpose. By the author of "Christ the Spirit," &c. New York: James Miller. 8vo. pp. 258.

Method of Philological Study of the English Language. By Francis A. Marsh. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 118.

Phrasis; a Treatise on the History and Structure of the Different Languages of the World, with a Comparative View of the Form of their Words and the Style of their Expressions. By J. Wilson, A.M. Albany: J. Munhall. 8vo. pp. 384.

A Book of Golden Deeds of all Times and all Lands; gathered and narrated by the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Cambridge: Sever & Francis. 16mo. pp. 466. (Golden Treasury Series, precious in substance and elegant in style.)

Essays. By R. W. Emerson. First and Second Series. pp. 515.

Poems. By R. W. Emerson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 32mo. pp. 254. (Blue and gold.)

Derrick and Drill; or, An Insight into the Discovery, Development, Present Condition, and Future Prospects of Petroleum. Arranged and edited by the author of "Ten Acres Enough." New York: James Miller. 12mo. pp. 277.

Skirmishes and Sketches. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 447.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. By O. W. Holmes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 32mo. (Blue and gold.)

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